

WORDSWORTH'S YOUTH—By LESLIE STEPHEN.

2751



# The Living Age has purchased the serial rights to the publication of

## IN KEDAR'S TENTS

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

This is an attractive story of adventure in Spain during the Carlist war. It is full of incident, and contains some clever sketches of character. Mr. Merriman's style is direct and forcible, and his humor is delightful. Readers who are weary of the morbidly introspective in fiction will find this story refreshing. Its quality abundantly sustains the reputation which Mr. Merriman's earlier stories have won for him in England and America.

## IN KEDAR'S TENTS

will begin with THE LIVING AGE of April 3, and will continue through fifteen numbers.

## "Big Four"

ROUTE

TO

WESTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

"SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED,"

Through Sleeping Cars from

New York and Boston to Cincinnati,  
Indianapolis and St. Louis

VIA

Boston & Albany R. R., New York Central to  
Buffalo, L. S. & M. S. Ry. to Cleveland, Big  
Four Route to Destination.

### ELEGANT CONNECTIONS

With all Trunk Lines in New York and New England. Ask for tickets via BIG FOUR ROUTE.

E. O. McCORMICK,  
Pass. Traffic Manager.

D. B. MARTIN,  
Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

BIG FOUR ROUTE, CINCINNATI, O.



## SUBURBAN AND COUNTRY HOMES.

Perhaps the most costly and valuable book on this subject ever issued. It is designed for intending builders, contains

**TWO HUNDRED LARGE PAGES,**  
size 11 x 14 inches; is replete with descriptions, and includes many hundred illustrations of

**Exterior Designs and Interior Decorations.**

PRICE, Express Prepaid, \$2.00.

A. L. CHATTERTON & CO.,

133 William St.,

New York.







# THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }  
Volume XIII.

No. 2751—March 27, 1897.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCXII.

## CONTENTS.

I. WORDSWORTH'S YOUTH. By Leslie Stephen, . . . . .	<i>National Review</i> , . . . . .	859
II. THE STORY OF NANSEN'S ACHIEVEMENT, . . . . .	<i>London Times</i> , . . . . .	870
III. THE LITTLE NUN. By A. H. Begbie, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	877
IV. THE FAMINE IN MY GARDEN. By Phil Robinson, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	884
V. LITERATURE AND MUSIC, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	892
VI. CLEMATIS. Part I. From the Chinese. By Robert K. Douglas, . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . . . .	899
VII. A BENGALÉE PROFESSOR, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	906
VIII. THE ENIGMATIC CHILD, . . . . .	<i>Speaker</i> , . . . . .	908
IX. VISITING-CARDS, . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> , . . . . .	910
Title and Index to Volume CCXII.		

## POETRY.

A BALLAD OF THE RANKS, . . . . .	858		WHEN THE DEW IS FALLING, . . . . .	858
----------------------------------	-----	--	------------------------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## A BALLAD OF THE RANKS.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from over the Tweed.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
He comes of a soldier breed!  
So drink together to rock and heather  
Out where the red-deer run,  
And stand aside for Scotland's pride,  
The lad that carries the gun!

For the Colonel rides before,  
The Major's on the flank,  
The Captains and the Adjutants  
Are in the foremost rank.  
But when it's "Action front!"  
And fighting's to be done,  
Come one, come all, you stand or fall  
By the man who holds the gun.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from a Yorkshire Dale.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
The heart that never will fail.  
Here's to the fire of Lancashire,  
And here's to her soldier son;  
For the hard-bit North has sent him forth,  
The lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from a Midland shire.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
He comes of an English sire.  
Here's a glass to a Midland lass,  
And each can choose the one,  
But east and west we claim the best  
For the lad who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from the hills of Wales.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
That Taffy is hard as nails.  
There are several ll's in the place he  
dwells,  
And of w's more than one,  
With a "Llan" and "Pen," but it breeds  
good men,  
And it's they who carry the gun.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from the windy West.  
We'll let him go, for well we know  
That he is one of the best.  
There's Bristol rough and Gloucester  
tough,  
And Devon yields to none,  
Or you may get in Somerset  
A lad to carry the gun.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from London town.  
We'll let him go, for well we know  
The stuff that never backs down.  
He has learned to joke at the powder  
smoke,  
For he is the fogsmoke's son,  
And his heart is light and his pluck is  
right,  
The lad who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from the Emerald Isle.  
We'll let him go, for well we know  
We've tried him many a while.  
We've tried him east, we've tried him  
west,  
We've tried him sea and land,  
But the man to beat old Erin's best  
Has never yet been planned.

Who carries the gun?

It's me and you and you!  
So let us go, and we won't say no  
If they give us a job to do.  
Here we stand with a crosslinked hand,  
Comrades every one!  
So one last cup, and drink it up,  
To the lad who carries the gun.

Speaker.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

## WHEN THE DEW IS FALLING.

When the dew is falling  
I have heard a calling  
Of aerial sweet voices o'er the low  
green hill.  
And when the moon is dying  
I have heard a crying  
Where the brown burn slippeth through  
hollows green and still.

And O the sorrow upon me,  
The grey grief upon me,  
For a voice that whispered once, and  
now for aye is still.  
O heart forsaken, calling,  
When the dew is falling,  
To the one that comes not ever o'er the  
low green hill.

FIONA MACLEOD.

From The National Review.  
WORDSWORTH'S YOUTH.<sup>1</sup>

A French critic, M. Emile Legouis has written a singularly interesting study of Wordsworth's youth. Of M. Legouis's general qualifications, it need only be said that he has a thorough knowledge of English literature, and a minute acquaintance with all the special literature bearing upon Wordsworth's early career. He fully appreciates the qualities which, though they have endeared Wordsworth's poetry to his own countrymen, have hardly made him one of the cosmopolitan poets. I do not, however, propose to say anything of Wordsworth's general merits. M. Legouis's study is concerned with one stage in Wordsworth's development. Wordsworth was in France at the crisis of the revolution, and there, as we know from the "Prelude" became the enthusiastic admirer of Michel Beaupuy, afterwards a general and an incarnation of republican virtue. Wordsworth compares him to Dion as the philosophic assailant of a tyrant. M. Legouis has already given an account of Beaupuy, and has now pointed out the nature of his influence upon his young English disciple.

Browning's "Lost Leader" represented a view of Wordsworth which seemed strange to most readers. The name of Wordsworth had come to suggest belief in the thirty-nine articles, capital punishment, and rotten boroughs. Some of us can still remember the venerable grey head bowed in the little church at Grasmere, and typifying complete acquiescence in orthodox tradition. This "lost leader," however, had once defended the principles of Paine's "Rights of Man;" had condemned the crusade against the revolution as a great national crime, and so far from being orthodox, had been described by his intimate friend, Coleridge as a "semi-atheist." How was

this brand snatched from the burning, or what, as others will say, led to this lamentable apostasy? There is, of course, no question of moral blame. As Browning observes, the real Wordsworth was certainly not seduced by a "bit of ribbon." He only suggested the general theme of the poem. But a fair account of the way in which his change actually came about is interesting, both as explaining some of his literary tendencies and as illustrating a similar change in many of his contemporaries. Such an account may naturally be sought in Wordsworth's autobiographical poem, the "Prelude," and there, indeed, it is implicitly given. Yet its significance is brought out by M. Legouis's careful study of the poem in connection with other documents and some of the earlier writings. M. Legouis has, I think, thrown new light upon the whole process; and in what I have to say I shall be mainly following his lead, though I may be making a slightly different estimate of certain elements of the question.

The "Prelude," though it gives the clue, has one characteristic which obscures the self-revelation. Wordsworth describes facts till some of his readers are sick of them. Still, a fact is for him mainly a peg upon which to hang some poetical or philosophical conclusion. When, for example, he is crossing the Simplon, he supposes—rather oddly it seems to an Alpine traveller—that the path is inviting him to "ascend a lofty mountain." A peasant, luckily, informs him that he has crossed the Alps already and must go down hill henceforwards. This remark does not (in the poem at least) suggest a prospect of dinner, but a series of reflections upon "that awful power," imagination. It convinces, or reminds, him that "our being's" heart and home

Is with infinitude and only there.

When a trivial incident starts a man at once upon such distant reveries, serving as a mere taking-off place for a flight into the clouds, we see that we must not count upon definite, concrete information. We pass at a bound from

<sup>1</sup> "La Jeunesse de Wordsworth," par Emile Legouis. Paris, 1896. (An English translation, by J. W. Matthews, entitled "The Early Life of William Wordsworth," will be published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. early in the spring.)

the common earth into a world lying beyond political or historical circumstance. Even when he speaks, not of external facts, but of the history of his own opinions, he continually plunges into generalities so wide that their precise application is not very easy to discover. We can see that Wordsworth was deeply moved by the revolution, but the reflections stirred in him are beyond, or beneath, any tangible political issue. They seem at first sight as if they might be adopted with equal facility by men of all political creeds. If a man tells us that morality is, on the whole, a good thing, we cannot infer whether he thinks this or that political institution moral. Between the general truth and the particular application there are certain "middle axioms" which Wordsworth leaves us to supply for ourselves. And, in fact, to follow his sentiments about the revolution, we must fill in a good deal that is not directly stated. The generalities have to be clothed in circumstance.

To understand Wordsworth himself we must seek to reproduce him in the concrete. What manner of man was this youth in the first blush of enthusiasm? Wordsworth tells us how he came to Cambridge, "and at The Hoop alighted, famous inn!" We can guess pretty well how the freshman then impressed his tutor, or the "chattering popinjays" whom men called fellow-commoners. He was, he says, a "stripling of the hills, a Northern villager," and probably uncouth enough, even in the powdered hair and silk stockings which he commemorates. The type is familiar to all Cambridge men. Paley and Bishop Watson had represented it in the previous generation. A long procession of hardheaded North-countrymen came up from the grammar-schools of their district, and were among the toughest competitors in the tripos. Wordsworth, no doubt, looked like a senior wrangler in embryo. He had not, indeed, the special taste for mathematics. There is an entry. It is said, in one of the Cambridge registers about a youth who applied for admission: *sed Euclide viso cohorrui et evasi.*

Wordsworth did not precisely adopt that course; but he neglected his Euclid, and took to learning Italian and reading Spenser. His poetical genius, however, was not revealed to others, and not shown by the ordinary symptoms. He was not, like Coleridge, who was to follow him to Cambridge, sensitive, emotional, and sentimental. However strong his feelings, he was stern and little given to expansive utterance. He formed no intimate friendships. Proud independence and power of standing on his own sturdy legs would be his most conspicuous qualities, and went naturally with the outside of a country bumpkin. His boyhood had stimulated these tendencies. He had been happy at his school at Hawkshead, and had found congenial masters; but their great merit had been that they had cared nothing for modern methods of drill and competition. They had left him free to take long rambles over the fells, scampers upon ponies, birds'-nesting expeditions, and skating parties on the frozen lakes. He had neither been trimmed into a model boy nor forced into rebellion, but had grown up after his own fashion. The early deaths of his parents had thrown him still more upon his own resources, and detached him from any close domestic ties. Every Englishman is an island. It is said, and Wordsworth was thoroughly insular or self-contained by temperament and circumstance. On the other hand, he was in thorough harmony with his social surroundings. He was on the friendliest terms with the old mistress of the dame-school, the "statesmen," and the country parsons of the district, whom he has idealized in his poetry. Wordsworth, in short, was as thorough a representative of the Cumbrian type as Scott of the Scottish borderers, though with a characteristic difference. He never cared, as he remarks in the "Prelude," for history or tradition. While Scott's memory had recorded every legend and song connected with his beloved hills, Wordsworth was curiously indifferent to all the charm of historical association. He loved the lakes and mountains. It might seem, for their own

sakes, not for the local heroes whose fame was accidentally connected with them. But he had not the less imbibed the spirit of his own district; and loved the Pillar or Scawfell, if not as the scene of any particular events, yet as the natural guardian of the social order from which he sprang. This, again, had predisposed him to a kind of old-fashioned republicanism. At this period, indeed, he was still unconscious of the true nature of his own feelings. He thought, he says, at that time of nature, not of man. But he tells us, too, how, when he went to France, he was a republican already, because he had been brought up in a homely district where he had never seen a man of rank or wealth, and how, even at Cambridge, with all its faults, he had found a community in which men were respected for their own character and abilities, and all "scholars and gentlemen" regarded as equals. At Cambridge, it is true, Wordsworth seems to have been amused rather than edified by the dons of his time, the queer old humorists and port-wine-drinking bachelors, who ought to have been described by Charles Lamb. Wordsworth passes them by, observing only that he compared them—with what results does not appear—to his own "shepherd swains." M. Legouis has formed a low—I am afraid not too low an estimate of the intellectual position of Cambridge in those days. It may, however, be noticed that there was a certain stir in the minds of its inhabitants even then; Cambridge held itself to be the Whig university, studying Locke and despising the Aristotelian logic of Oxford. One symptom was the development of certain freethinking tendencies, and the proceedings against Frensdorff for avowing Unitarianism were rousing an excitement which soon afterwards led Coleridge into some trouble. Young men, therefore, who aimed at enlightenment, as clever young men ought to do, were not without temptations to break bounds. Especially the uncouth young Cumberland student,

Child of the mountains, among shepherds reared,

despising the stupid old dons with their mechanical disciplines, conscious of great abilities, though not yet conscious of their proper aim, was disposed to cast the dust off his shoes and strike out a path of his own.

What it was to be, did not appear for some time. His unsympathetic guardians naturally wanted him to settle to a profession, and their desire was, if anything, a reason for going against it. To become a clergyman or a tutor was his only apparent chance, and yet either position involved concession, if not absolute subservience, to commonplaces and respectability. For some years, accordingly, Wordsworth lived what he calls an "undomestic wanderer's life." Travelling was congenial to his state of mind. A youth rambling with a knapsack on his back, and a few pounds in his pocket, can enjoy a sense of independence of the most exquisitely delightful kind. Wordsworth, before leaving Cambridge, had managed a tour in the Alps, and afterwards spent some time in London. He was equally in both cases a looker-on. The Swiss tour prompted a poem which (with the previous "Evening Walk") shows that he was still in search of himself. He already shows his minute and first-hand observance of nature, but the form and the sentiment are imitative and partly fictitious. He is working the vein of Beattie's *Minstrel* and Goldsmith's *Traveller*; with some impulse, perhaps, from Rousseau. M. Legouis observes very truly that the sentimental sadness which he thinks proper to affect is in odd contrast with the hearty enjoyment betrayed in a letter of the same period to his sister. The Swiss tour took him through France during the early enthusiasm of the Revolution, and his sympathy was the natural expansion of the crude republicanism of the Cumberland shepherd and Cambridge undergraduate. His London experience is characteristic. He is essentially the countryman wondering at the metropolis. In the seventh book of the "Prelude" he gives a list of all the sights which bewildered him, from Burke in the House of Com-

mons and Mrs. Siddons on the stage, down to waxworks and blind beggars in the streets and shameless women using bad language in public-houses. He passes from his quaint bits of prose—unconsciously humorous—to pathetic and elevating thoughts. But the spectacle passes before him without involving him; he has no talks, like Coleridge's, at the "Cat and Salutation" to record; he picks up no chums and joins no clubs; his proper position is that of the famous sonnet on Westminster Bridge, when he alone wakes and meditates on the "mighty heart" that is "lying still." London is part of that vast machinery, including the universe in general, of which it sometimes seems to be the final cause that it is to mould the central object, William Wordsworth. It suggests to him, for a wonder, that there are other people in the world besides himself. It impresses upon him, in his own words, "the unity of man." As he approaches on his "itinerant vehicle"—a coach, to wit—"a weight of ages" descended at once upon "his heart." He becomes aware, shall we say, that, besides the mountains and the lakes, there is a vast drama of human joy and suffering constantly developing itself, and that though he still looks upon it from the outside, it means a great process in which he is to play his part—if only he can find his appropriate function.

This brings us to Wordsworth's important visit to France in 1791. He went there, it seems, on some vague pretext that a knowledge of the language might qualify him for a tutorship. His revolutionary fervor was still comparatively mild. He picked up a stone on the site of the Bastille, "in guise of an enthusiast," but "in honest truth," he affected "more emotion than he felt," and was more moved by the sight of Le Brun's Magdalene than by relics of the great events. Passing on to Orleans, however, he made acquaintance with some officers, and among them with Beaupuy, upon whom his comrades of royalist sympathies turned a cold shoulder. Wordsworth soon attached himself to Beaupuy, and one main secret of their

sympathy is revealed in an anecdote. They met a "hunger-bitten girl" leading a heifer by a cord tied to her arm, while she was "knitting in a heartless mood of solitude." "Tis against that that we are fighting," said his friend. Wordsworth took the revolution to mean the destruction of "abject poverty" by the abolition of exclusive privileges and the elevation of human beings entrusted with power over their own lives. He caught the contagion of the patriotic enthusiasm with which the French rose to meet their invaders in 1792. He became so hearty a sympathizer that he was almost inclined to join in some active movement and might, he remarks, have ended his career by the guillotine. He was forced, probably by stress of money, to return to England, passing through Paris soon after the September massacres; and might have said afterwards, as Bolingbroke said to Atterbury, that he was being exchanged for Paine, who had just crossed in the opposite direction.

So far Wordsworth's case was not peculiar. He shared the sentiments of most generous and intelligent young men at the dawn of a new era.

Bliss was it at that time to be alive,  
But to be young was very Heaven!

He had not to part from early convictions, but simply to develop his old feelings; to diffuse more widely, as he puts it, the affections which had "grown up with him from the cradle." His ready-made republicanism did not clash as yet with his patriotism. Rather the two principles were in harmony. The good old conviction that Britons never would be slaves, like the wretched beings who wore wooden shoes and had never heard of trial by jury, was enough to bear him out. It only wanted to be mellowed by a little philosophy and wider humanity. The poor girl towing her heifer was to be raised to a level of the hearty young Cumberland lasses with whom he had danced and flirted. The clumsy story of "Vaudracour and Julia" derived, it seems, from Beaupuy's descriptions of the arbitrary tyranny of the French *noblesse*, could be



told without suggesting any English parallel. It is true that Wordsworth had realized in the case of Lord Lowther how difficult it might be to force a great English noble to pay his just debts. But even Lord Lowther could not imprison his defendants by a *lettre de cachet* or make Cumberland peasants pay crushing taxes and flog the meres at night to silence the frogs. All that was wanted at home was to put down jobbery and rotten boroughs, and if reform was desired, there was not in Wordsworth's class at any rate any accumulated mass of palpable tyranny to give rancor to the demand, or mingle it with a thirst for revenge. The Whiggism of Fox or Sheridan, in his view as in theirs, implied sympathy with the French Revolution, so long as the revolution could be regarded merely as an expansion or glorification of Mr. Locke's principle, and our glorious achievement of 1688.

Wordsworth, however, had to discover, like his contemporaries, that the millennium was not to come so cheaply. The English war with France and the reign of terror in France roused a painful conflict of feeling. It has been suggested that Wordsworth was alienated from the revolution, not by the horrors of 1793, but by his patriotic sentiment. He could pardon the Jacobins for their crimes in France, but not for opposing British interests. A closer observation shows that this really misrepresents the facts. The war, indeed, as Wordsworth tells us, first broke up his placid optimism. He was in the Isle of Wight in 1793, listened with painful forebodings to the sunset gun, and watched the fleet gathering to join in the "unworthy service" of suppressing liberty abroad. He even "exulted," he tells us, when the first attempts of Englishmen to resist the revolutionary armies met with shameful defeat; and sat gloomily in church when prayers were offered for victory, feeding on the day of vengeance yet to come. Some people were cosmopolitan enough to find no difficulty in suppressing patriotic compunctions; but Wordsworth, solitary and reclusive as he was, was penetrated to the

core with the sentiments of which patriotism is the natural growth. He only, he says, who "loves the sight of a village steeple as I do" can judge of "the conflict of sensations without name" with which he joined such congregations. His private and public sympathies were now clashing in the cruellest way. Meanwhile, he felt the taunts of those who were echoing Madame Roland's cry, "O, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" It was well that the infant republic had "throttled the snakes about its cradle" with the might of a Hercules; but his soul was sick at thoughts of the odium that was being incurred by "liberty." His thoughts by day were "most melancholy," and for months and years "after the last beat of those atrocities," he could not sleep without hideous nightmares of cruel massacre and vain pleadings in unjust tribunals. The argument from atrocities, however, though the most popular, was ambiguous. Wordsworth had been profoundly affected when passing through Paris on his return by the September massacres; but he could still argue that such crimes were the natural fruit of the ignorance and misery of the people under the old system, and that when the wretches who had seized upon power were suppressed, the true reign of peace and reason would begin. The hope seemed to be justified by the fall of Robespierre (July, 1794), and Wordsworth describes minutely how he heard the news in Morecambe Bay; what ecstasy it caused him, and how he now called upon the "golden times" to appear. It became sufficiently clear, however, that, whatever else was to happen, the new rulers of France were not to be pure philanthropists, propagating a gospel of humanity by peaceful means. The French, he began to fear, were changing a war of self-defence for one of conquest. Yet he stuck resolutely to his opinions as long as he could. He adhered "more firmly to old tenets"—that is, to his revolutionary creed,—tried to "hide the wounds of mortified presumption," and, in fact, had to construct a theory to show that he had been right

all along. Such theories are essential to one's comfort, but sometimes troublesome to construct. "Opinions," as he put it, grew "into consequence," and for instinctive sympathy he wished to substitute a reasoned system of principles.

Wordsworth was thus set down to a problem, and his solution was characteristic. In such mental crises the real process of decision is often very different from that of which the subject of the process is himself conscious. He fancies, in all sincerity, that he is considering a logical or philosophical question. He is asking whether reason, impartially consulted, will order him to accept one or the other of two conflicting systems; though hoping that it will enable him to decide at the smallest possible cost to his belief in his own consistency. He would prefer a theory which would enable him to think that the opinions which he has to abandon represent a merely superficial aberration. But this may practically come to asking what are his own strongest feelings, and assuming that they represent eternal truths. Wordsworth supposed himself to be asking simply, What is the true philosophy of the political creeds at issue? He was unconsciously asking, On what side are my really deepest sympathies? The last question might be put thus: A Cumberland "statesman" could develop into a Girondin (or what he took to be a Girondin) by simply widening his sympathies. That might be a case of natural development, involving no shock or laceration of old ties; but, could he continue the process and grow into a Jacobin? That involved a strain upon his patriotism, painful but not absolutely coercive. He could manage to desire the defeat of British armies, and all the more readily when the British government was alienating him by trying to suppress freedom of thought and language at home. Still, this position required an effort; and another trial was behind it. Could the "statesman" sympathize with men who used such weapons as massacre and the guillotine? To that, of course, there could be only one answer—Words-

worth had been wayward and independent, but never a rebel against society or morality. He was thoroughly in harmony with the simple, homely society from which he sprang. Violence and confiscation were abhorrent to him. "I recoil," he tells a friend at the time, "from the very idea of a revolution. I am a determined enemy to every species of violence." Lord Lowther, let us say, should be made to pay his debts and give up his boroughs; but he certainly should not have his head placed on the walls of Carlisle, while his estates were divided among the peasantry. Wordsworth, however, could still hope that the terrorists were a passing phenomenon, an "ephemeral monster," as he puts it; and was still firmly persuaded of this upon the fall of Robespierre. It was, however, essential to his peace of mind that the facts should confirm this view; and that the French people, freed from the incubus, should show themselves clearly in favor of peaceful progress at home, and free from thought of conquest abroad.

The mental crisis, thus brought about, is indicated by some remarkable writings. Wordsworth had been provoked to an utterance of his sentiments when the English declaration of war was stimulating his wrath. Watson, who, being Bishop of Llandaff and professor of divinity at Cambridge, passed his life as an intelligent country gentleman at Windermere, had preached the doctrine that every Englishman should be thoroughly contented with his lot. They could not all be non-resident bishops, but they had no grievances to speak of. Wordsworth hereupon wrote a letter in which he is, at least, unmistakably on the side of Paine against Burke. He had, at this time, adopted the opinions of Beaupuy. He objects on principle to monarchy and to privileged orders of nobility. At most it may be said that his argument is not so much that of the theorists arguing from abstract rights, as of the independent Briton who will not humble himself to a lord, and whose republicanism resembles Milton's rather than Rousseau's. But now, when he is roused by

later developments to look into his first principles, he finds himself in a cruel difficulty. In the first place, Wordsworth, though he was a philosophical poet, was not at home in metaphysical or logical subtleties. He is the antithesis of Coleridge, who combined in so singular a degree the poetical and the reasoning faculties. Coleridge could keep the two faculties apart; and his poems—the really exquisite poems, at least—are as free from any admixture of philosophy as if he had never heard of object and subject. The cause of the difference is simple—namely, that Wordsworth's philosophy, such as it is, represents intuitions or convictions; it embodies his faith as to the world and human nature, without reference to the logical justifications. Coleridge held, as a metaphysician naturally does, that his philosophic creed required to be justified by a whole apparatus of dialectics which would be out of place in verse. Whether this apparatus was really the base of his convictions or represented the after-thought by which he justified them does not matter. Wordsworth, in any case, is content to expound his philosophy as self-evident. He speaks as from inspiration, not as the builder of a logical system. One result was that when he tried to argue, he got, as he admits with his usual naïveté, "endlessly perplexed." He wanted "formal proof" and could not find it. He did not, of course, join the "scoffers;" as the scoffers would say, because he was incompetent to appreciate them; when, in the "Excursion," he audaciously calls Voltaire "dull," he is tacitly admitting that he could never see a joke. Anyhow, after bothering himself with metaphysics till his head turned, he fortunately resolved to be a poet; and here had a short cut to his conclusions. I do not mean to scoff at Wordsworth. My own belief is that he took more simply and openly the path which most of us, and that impartial enquiry with him, as with nearly every one, meant simply discovering what he had really thought all along.

Another influence must be noticed here. M. Legouis dwells upon Words-

worth's relations to Godwin. There is not much direct evidence upon this matter; and I have some doubt whether M. Legouis does not rather overstate the case. But in the main, I think that he is substantially right. That is to say, when Wordsworth set about what he called thinking, I suppose that Godwin's philosophy would represent political theory for him. Godwin's philosophy was transmuted by Shelley into something very exquisite if rather nonsensical, and probably is now remembered, when remembered at all, chiefly for that reason. Hazlitt, however, in his slashing way, tells us that Godwin was at this period the "very god of our idolatry;" "Tom Paine was considered for a time a fool to him; Paley an old woman; Edmund Burke "a flashy sophist" (*Spirit of the Age*, p. 33). Wordsworth, in particular, he adds, told a student to "throw aside his books of chemistry and read Godwin on Necessity!" Both Wordsworth and Coleridge were in various ways connected with the Godwin circle. Now, Godwinism, presented as the gospel of the revolution, indicates Wordsworth's difficulty with curious precision. Godwin, of course, appeals to reason, and in general terms, Wordsworth, like every one on his side of the question, agreed. Their essential aim was to get rid of superstition and obsolete tradition. Godwin, too, held Reason to be a peaceable goddess, whose only weapon was persuasion, not force. Godwin never erred from excess of passion, and was by no means the kind of wood of which martyrs or fanatics are made. Man, he thought, was perfectible, and a little calm argument would make him perfect. So far, Wordsworth might agree in his early enthusiasm. The people, freed from the domination of their false guides, were to come to their senses and establish the reign of peace and liberty. But Godwin went a step further. Reason, according to him, leads straight to anarchy. Rulers, of course, will not be wanted when men are perfectly reasonable. But, moreover, rules in general will not be wanted. Men will not tie their hands by custom or prejudice.

They will act in each case for the best, that is, for the happiness of the greatest number, without slavery to formulas. His political ideal is, therefore, individualism or atomism; the doctrine of liberty raised to the highest terms. Thus, for example, marriage is an absurdity. If two people agree to live together, they are "unreasonable" to enslave themselves to a tie which may become irksome. They should be free to part at any moment. Society should be nothing but an aggregate of independent units, bound together by no rules whatever. A rule should never survive its reason, and the only reason for a rule is the calculation that it will make us happy.

The doctrine had an apparent consistency, at least, which served to show Wordsworth whither he was going. Two curious poems of this period illustrate his feelings. After leaving the Isle of Wight, Wordsworth had rambled over Salisbury Plain and been profoundly impressed by the scenery. There, too, he had apparently heard the story which is told in one of the best "Ingoldsby Legends." In 1786,<sup>1</sup> one Jarvis Matcham had been startled by a thunderstorm and confessed to a companion that he had committed a murder ("scuttled a poor little drummer-boy's nob," as Barham puts it) some years before. In Wordsworth's version, the murderer is not a "bloodthirsty swab," but an amiable person, who "would not have robbed the raven of its food." He had been seized by a press-gang, and finding on his return that his family were in distress, had robbed and murdered a miscellaneous traveller for their benefit; an act possibly excusable on Godwin's principles. With this story Wordsworth combined another of the "female vagrant," whose cruel sufferings were due to her husband having been forced into the army. This represents, as he tells us, foreboding thoughts which came to him when watching the British Fleet at Spithead. He foresaw that the war was leading to

"misery beyond all possible calculation." Wretched men were being forcibly torn from their families; and plunged not only into misery, but into crime. The horrors of war are bad enough, but they involve also a difficult moral problem, when the victims not only suffer, but are demoralized; and painful forebodings were combined with bewilderment as to ethical puzzles. Was the murderer most to blame or the tyrants who had crushed his life; and what are we to think of the Providential government under which such things are possible and even natural? The moral problem is more prominent in the curious tragedy, the "Borderers." That tragedy, received with rapture by his new friend, Coleridge, was written, he says, to be read, not to be acted; and, like most tragedies so written, has almost failed to find readers, as it quite failed to find actors. Had he written it later, he says, he should have introduced a more complex plot, and a greater variety of characters. He might have tried, but nobody could have a less dramatic genius than Wordsworth, or was less qualified to describe any character except his own. The "Borderers," however, is noticeable here only as an illustration of his state of mind. It was meant to embody a theory, upon which at the time he wrote a prose essay—namely, how we are to explain the "apparently motiveless actions of bad men." His villain is a man who erroneously supposed that he was joining in an act of justice when he was really becoming accomplice in an atrocious crime. Having found out his mistake, he resolves—not to repent, but in future to commit any number of crimes on his own account. Conscience is a nuisance and remorse a mistake. The villain not only acts upon his principles, but endeavors to subject the hero of the piece to a similar process of conversion. The hero, in fact, is induced by his machinations to cause the death of a virtuous old gentleman, under specially atrocious circumstances. The villain calculates that having thus become an unconscious sinner, the hero will in future be a systematic and delib-

<sup>1</sup> The story, which Barham says came to him from Sir Walter Scott, is told in the *New Annual Register* for 1786.

erate sinner, and a convenient subordinate. I do not feel much clearer, I confess, as to apparently motiveless actions after reading the play than before. The villain's sophistry does not strike me as very plausible, nor his motives, on his own showing, very intelligible. Wordsworth's own state of mind, however, is clearer. He had, he says, seen many such cases during the advance of the French Revolution, "to the extreme of wickedness." Men are led into crime from originally good motives, and there is then no limit to the consequent "hardening of the heart and perversion of the understanding." Robespierre, whose fall had rejoiced him, had started from most benevolent principles, and ended by becoming the typical monster. The temporary success, too, of the villainy, and the perversion of power granted in the name of human liberty to a crushing and blood-thirsty tyranny, was bewildering. "Often," says Coleridge in the "Friend," "have I reflected with awe on the great and disproportionate power which an individual of no extraordinary talents or attainments may exert, by merely throwing off all restraints of conscience." And what, he adds, "must not be the power of an individual of consummate wickedness, who can organize all the forces of a nation?" Robespierre, or Napoleon would have found conscience a great impediment. Godwin's theory seemed to Wordsworth to make it superfluous. Godwin would suppress conscience, and substitute calculation. No doubt for him the calculation was to include the happiness of all. Only, when you have suppressed all ties and associations, it becomes rather puzzling to say what reason you have for caring for others. If husbands and wives may part when it is agreeable to both, will they not part when it is agreeable to either? If a statesman may break through all laws, when they oppose a useful end, will he not most simply define useful as useful to himself? Take leave, in other words, of all prejudices and all respect for social bonds, and are you not on the highroad to become such a one as the villain of

the "Borderers?" These are, in fact, the problems which Wordsworth tells us brought him into endless perplexity. What, after all, was the meaning of right and wrong, and obligation: What was the lordly "attribute" of freewill but a mockery, if we have neither any real knowledge of what will do good, nor of why we should do it? He could, he says, "unsoul by syllogistic words" the "mysteries of being" which make "of the whole human race one brotherhood." It was in the name of the brotherhood that the revolutionary teachers appealed to him; and yet Godwin, as a prophet, ended by dissolving all society into a set of unconnected atoms. M. Legouis remarks that Wordsworth "purged himself of his pessimism" after the fashion of Goethe, by putting it into a book. This, however, must not be taken to imply that Wordsworth ever shared the atrocious sentiments of his imaginary villain. The "Borderers" naturally recalls Schiller's "Robbers," from which, as it had just been translated, Wordsworth may have taken a hint. Wordsworth's villain and hero are contrasted much as Schiller's two Moors. But it could never have been expected that any young Englishman would, like the alleged German baron, have taken to the highway to realize Wordsworth's imaginary personages. The "Borderers" is not only without the imaginative vigor which at the time made Schiller's bombast excusable—the product of a contemplative speculation instead of youthful passion; but it is plain enough that he loathes his villain too much to allow him the least attractiveness. The play represents the kind of moral spasm by which a man repels a totally uncongenial element of thought. He had found that what he took for a wholesome food contained a deadly poison, and to become conscious of its nature is to expel it with disgust.

What was the influence, then, which opened Wordsworth's eyes and caused what seemed, at least, to be a change of front? He answers that question himself by referring to two influences. The first was the influence of the de-



voted sister who now came to live with him. She pointed out to him that his "office upon earth" was to be a poet. She persuaded him, one may say, to cease to bother himself with Godwin's metaphysics, with puzzles as to freewill and necessity, and the ground of moral obligation, and to return to his early aspirations. If this bit of advice fell in with his own predisposition, the influence of Dorothy Wordsworth was something far more than could be summed up in any advice, however judicious. It meant, in brief, that Wordsworth had by his side a woman of high enthusiasm and cognate genius, thoroughly devoted to him and capable of sharing his inspiration; and that thus the "undomestic wanderer" was to be bound by one of the sweetest and purest of human ties. His early affections, hitherto deprived of any outlet, could now revive and his profound sense of their infinite value encouraged to break the chains of logic, or rather to set down the logic as sophistry. Godwinism meant a direct assault upon the family tie; and that tie was now revealing its value by direct experience of its power. The friendship with Coleridge, then in the full flush of youthful genius, and the most delightful and generous of admirers, came to encourage the growth of such feelings; while Coleridge's mystical tendencies in philosophy probably suggested some solution of the Godwin "syllogizing." Perhaps, after all, Godwin might be a humbug, and the true key to the great problems was to be found in Germany, where both the young men were soon to go for initiation. Meanwhile, however, another influence was affecting Wordsworth. His sister had led him back to nature, and he now found that nature should include the unsophisticated human being. He rambled as of old, and in his rambles found that the "lonely roads were open schools" in which he might study the passions and thoughts of unsophisticated human beings. The result was remarkable. He found nobility and sense in the humble friends. The "wealthy few" see by "artificial lights," and "neglect

the universal heart." Nature is equally corrupted in the "close and over-crowded haunts of cities." But in the poor men, who reminded him of his early friends, of the schoolmaster "Matthew," and old Dame Tyson, he found the voice of the real man; and observed "how oft high service is performed within" men's hearts which resemble not pompous temples, but the "mere mountain chapel." Was not this to go back to Rousseau, to denunciations of luxury and exaltations of the man of nature? Wordsworth had been converted to the revolution by the sight of the poor peasant girl, the victim of feudal privileges—why should he renounce the revolution by force of sympathy with the same class in England?

Before answering, I may remark that in any case the impression was deep and lasting. It shows how Wordsworth reached his famous theory that the language of poetry should be indistinguishable from that of ordinary life. That is merely the literary translation of his social doctrine. He and Coleridge have both told us how they agreed to divide labor, and, while Coleridge was to give human interest to the romantic, Wordsworth was to show the romance which is incorporated in commonplace things. Wordsworth proceeded to write the poems which appeared in the "Lyrical Ballads;" and, if his theory tripped him up sometimes, wrote some of those exquisite and pathetic passages which amply redeem intervening tracts of quaintly prosaic narrative and commonplace moralizing—some of the passages, in short, which make one love Wordsworth, and feel his unequalled power of soothing and humanizing sorrow. "Simon Lee"—to mention only one—was the portrait of an old man at Alfoxden. If you are apt to yawn in the middle you recognize the true Wordsworth at the conclusion:—

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning;  
Alas! the gratitude of man  
Hath oftener left me mourning!

I must not, however, speak of Wordsworth's pathetic power, which, in its



way, seems to me to be unapproachable. Henceforward, he found in such themes the inspiration of his truest poetry. The principle is given in the "Song at the Feast at Brougham Castle," where he says of the shepherd lord:—

Love had he found in huts where poor  
men lie,  
His daily teachers had been fields and  
rills,

and in countless other utterances of the same sentiment. A change, indeed, took place, of which M. Legouis gives a curious illustration. About the beginning of 1798, Wordsworth, as he shows, wrote the story of the ruined cottage which is now imbedded in the fifth book of the "Excursion." M. Legouis translates the story, omitting the subsequent interpolations. Coleridge, long afterwards, declared it to be the finest poem of the same length in our language. The poem, as originally written, is a painfully pathetic story of undeserved misery patiently born, and ending in the destruction of a peasant's household. In the later form the narrator has to interrupt himself by apologies for the sadness of the story and edifying remarks upon the ways of Providence. Wordsworth, somehow or other, had become reconciled.

The change was not the abandonment of his old sentiments, but the indication that they were again coming to the surface and casting off a heterogeneous element. The superficial change, indeed, was marked enough. To Wordsworth, the revolutionary movement now represented not progress—the natural expansion of his sympathies—but social disintegration and the attack upon all that he held to be the most valuable. The secret is revealed by his remarkable letter to Fox in 1801. There he calls the statesman's attention to two of his most significant poems, "The Brothers" and "Michael." These poems are intended to describe the domestic affections "as they exist among a class of men now almost confined to the North of England." He observes that the little holdings of the "statesmen" serve to strengthen the family tie, and

thus protect a "fountain of affection pure as his heart was intended for." This class, he adds, is rapidly disappearing, and its disappearance indicates the greatest of our national dangers. These most touching poems written in 1800 represent Wordsworth's final solution of his problem and embody a sentiment which runs through his later work. Its meaning is clear enough. Wordsworth had begun to feel that Godwin's anti-social logic had an embodiment in facts. What he now saw behind it was not Rousseau's sentimentalism, but the harsh doctrinaire system of the economists. The theorists who professed to start from the rights of man were really attacking the essential social duties. Godwinism meant the "individualism" of the later economists. Individualism meant the reckless competition and race for wealth which was destroying the very framework of peaceful society. The English Radical represented Adam Smith; and Wordsworth now perceived

How dire a thing  
Is worshipped in that idol, proudly named  
The "Wealth of Nations."

The evils which now impressed him were the absorption of small freeholds by large estates, and the growth of the factory system in the place of domestic manufacture. He dwells upon these evils in the "Excursion" in language which is a foretaste of much modern Socialism. Wordsworth had plenty of allies in this view of the case. While he was renouncing the principle of Individualism, Owen was beginning to put in practice the schemes suggested by the same evils, and leading to his later Socialism. Cobbett was lamenting the demoralization of the agricultural laborer, and taking up his curious position of Radicalism inspired by regret for the "good old times." There is no need, at the present day, for expounding such views or explaining why it should appear to Wordsworth that the revolutionary movement which had started by taking up the cause of the poor had ended by assailing the very bases of order and morality. The for-

eign developments, the growth of a military despotism, and the oppression of Switzerland by France in the name of fraternity, no doubt seemed clear justifications of his attitude. But he had sufficient reasons at home. The Radical, with whom he had been allied, was attacking what he held dearest, not only destroying the privileges of nobles, but breaking up the poor man's home, and creating a vast "proletariat"—a mass of degraded humanity—instead of encouraging "plain living and high thinking," and destroying the classes whose simplicity and independence had made them the soundest element of mutual prosperity. I do not, of course, enquire how far Wordsworth's estimate of the situation was sound. I only say that this explains how he reached it naturally and consistently. It was, as I have said, anything but a purely logical process, though it may be said that it was guided by an implicit logic. It really meant that he became aware of the fact that his instincts had led him into the camp of his real enemies. When he realized the fact, he stuck to his instincts, and, indeed, regarded them as due to divine inspiration. They were attacked by the revolutionary party. He would find in them not only the source of happiness, but the ultimate revelation of religion and morality:—

The primal duties shine aloft like stars;  
The charities that soothe and heal and bless  
Are scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

Wordsworth's ultimate doctrine, one may say, is the duty of cherishing the "intimations of immortality," which visit our infancy, to transmute sorrow into purifying and strengthening influence, and so to "build up our moral being." In his particular case, this, no doubt, meant that the boy of Hawkshead was to be the father of the man who could not be permanently held by the logical tolls of Godwin. It meant, too, a certain self-complacency and an optimistic tendency which, however pleasant, dulled his poetic fervor, and made him acquiesce in much that he

would once have rejected. But it was also the source of a power which should be recognized by men of a different belief. When J. S. Mill went through the mental crisis described in his "Autobiography," he thought that he had injured his powers of feeling by the habit of constant analysis. He had so destroyed the associations and with them the sympathies which make life desirable. In this state of mind he found an admirable restorative in Wordsworth's poetry. "Analysis" represents just the intellectual habit which Wordsworth denounces. It is the state of mind in which his imaginary man of science botanizes upon his mother's grave; picks the flowers to pieces and drops the sentiment. Mill, accordingly, tried and tried, he says successfully, to adopt Wordsworth's method to find happiness in "tranquil contemplation," while yet strengthening his interest in the "common feelings and common destiny of human beings." With "culture of this sort," he says, "there was nothing to dread from the most confirmed habit of analysis." If Mill's great aim was to "humanize" political economy, he drew from Wordsworth encouragement for the task. This point of contact between two men, each of whom represents much that was most antipathetic to the other, is significant. It suggests much upon which I cannot dwell; but it may hint to the Radical that Wordsworth, in giving up a doctrine which he never really assimilated, was faithful to convictions which, partial or capable of perversion as they may be, represent a very important aspect of truth.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

---

From The London Times.  
THE STORY OF NANSEN'S ACHIEVEMENT.  
Dr. Nansen and his comrades have

<sup>1</sup> Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North," being the Narrative of the Voyage and Exploration of the Fram, 1893-96, and the Fifteen Months' Sledge Expedition. By Doctor Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen, with an Appendix by Otto Sverdrup. Westminster: Constable and Co., 1897.

made a splendid addition to the sum of human achievement. The book in which the story of this remarkable venture is told enriches the literature of exploration with another classic. There is not a page of padding. In style and method we take it to be a decided advance on the author's account of his crossing of Greenland. The story is maintained on a higher level; the tone is graver! It is as if the author had risen to the greatness of his theme. Yet throughout the language is of the simplest, but perfectly adequate to the effect intended to be produced—to make the reader realize the varied conditions and phases through which the expedition passed, the daily life of the party, the character of their shifting environment, the influence exercised by their unique experiences upon the minds of the more thoughtful among those thirteen men who had drifted into a region where no man had been since the making of the world. In different hands the story might indeed have been monotonous. Had Doctor Nansen not exercised consummate skill in selection and compression, had he not shown wonderful art in arranging details, much of the book might have been as dull as we fear must sometimes have been the life of the men on board of the slowly-drifting *Fram*. Many of the chapters really fascinate; and when we reach the narrative of that inconceivably trying journey of Nansen and Johansen across some hundreds of miles of the most intractable ice, groping their way in the end they knew not whither, the excitement becomes intense. Even those eight dark months in a gloomy shelter, half hut, half cellar, wainscoted with ice, on a corner of a Franz Josef Land island, with nothing but a Nautical Almanac to read, and little to do but sleep in a bag and eat bear and blubber, are so dealt with that the interest never flags. Altogether it is not too much to say that the book is a masterpiece of story-telling. Even Captain Sverdrup's brief appendix, giving the narrative of the *Fram*'s drift after Nansen and Johansen left her, though

lacking the richness of the main story, is interesting throughout, with frequent touches of quiet humor, culminating in excitement when the crew began to break out of the ice. All this is the more surprising when we consider the rapidity with which the book has been produced. It covers more than a thousand pages. Doctor Nansen could not begin it till the end of September. In about four months, then, it has been written and printed, while two hundred illustrations have been engraved, and four maps produced. It was a serious task to face after all that the author had gone through.

Now that we have the detailed narrative of this remarkable expedition before us, let us briefly inquire what it has accomplished. We need not waste space in attempting to convert those who maintain that all such hazardous expeditions are a mistake, and that nothing is to be gained by them. It is four hundred years since men began to seek for a knowledge of the Northern *Hinterland* of the habitable globe. Until the two Polar areas are adequately explored our knowledge of the physical and geographical conditions of the earth must remain incomplete. All along desperate attempts have been made to reach the North Pole itself in order to see what the apex of the globe is like. Three hundred years ago the old adventurers of that time, utterly ignorant of the conditions they had to face, and with means that appear to us dangerously inadequate, had reached close on 81° N. As long ago as 1596 Barents reached 79° 49' in the direction of Spitzbergen, while a few years later Henry Hudson got to about 80½° in the same region. It took two hundred years to get a degree beyond that. This was accomplished in 1806 by Scoresby. Twenty years later, still in the same quarter, Parry attained a latitude of 82° 45' N., which remained the record for fifty years, until, in 1876, Albert Markham pushed on, at a terrible expenditure of suffering, thirty-five geographical miles further to 83° 20', Lockwood and Brainerd six

years later surpassing that record by four miles. Thus it took nearly three hundred years to advance three degrees, or say two hundred miles nearer the Pole. But, after all, the reaching of the Pole is a secondary matter. The gains to science during these four hundred years of effort have been great, but have only whetted the appetite for more extensive and more precise knowledge of the physical, biological, geological, and geographical conditions of both the Polar areas. As to the best route for attaining a high latitude there have been differences of opinion. Some favored the Smith Sound route, some declared in favor of Behring Strait, while others maintained that the only possible route to the Pole was by Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land.

Such was the state of opinion when Doctor Nansen came into the field and took up the problem. His was no rash and sudden bid for notoriety. He is by no means indifferent to fame; but he is intelligent and level-headed enough to realize that enduring fame can be attained only by hard and earnest work long prepared for. The expedition in the *Fram* was the result of long years of preparation and experiment as to the best means of accomplishing the task. Doctor Nansen's experiences in the Greenland seas, and during his expedition across Greenland, the mastery to which he attained on the winter snows of Norway as a ski-runner, his Spartan upbringing and his fine physique, combined with his practical scientific training and his gift of leadership, peculiarly fitted him to command the enterprise which he planned. After carefully studying all the elements of the problem he came to the conclusion that a current crept from Behring Strait in a generally north-west direction across the North Polar area. By running a suitably-built ship into the ice which covered these waters, he believed he could attain a high latitude and come out safely somewhere about the east coast of Greenland. The ship should be of such a build as to offer the greatest resistance to ice-pressure. She should be

made as comfortable as a fixed observatory. Her crew should be few; all of splendid physique, with their hearts in the enterprise, intelligent, all living together as one family, loyal and obedient to their head. In Mr. Colin Archer, of Larvig, Doctor Nansen found a builder able and eager to carry out his designs of the ship; out of the hundreds of applications he received, he had no difficulty in getting twelve men who came up to his high standard; with infinite care and with the help of specialists he provisioned the ship with stores adequate for six years. In the shape of boats, great and small, canoes, sledges, ski, dogs, every provision was made for escape in case of disaster to the ship. There was grave shaking of heads among Arctic authorities over the radical departure from all the sacred Arctic traditions of the past of this rash Norseman, as he was considered. But amid the battery of criticism with which he was assailed at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society when he unfolded his plans in November, 1892, Doctor Nansen was cheerful, undaunted, and modestly confident.

As the *Fram* steamed slowly along the romantic, island-girt shore of his native land, watched and cheered from every vantage-point, Nansen was naturally touched and even saddened. We quote the following as a specimen of those outbursts of sentiment and reflection which are scattered through the volumes, the natural outcome of a sensitive and thoughtful mind acted upon by its passing strange and eerie surroundings:—

In the evening I would sit and look around—lonely huts lay scattered here and there on points and islets. Here the Norwegian people wear out their lives in the struggle with the rocks, in the struggle with the sea; and it is this people that is sending us out into the great, hazardous unknown; the very folk who stand there in their fishing-boats and look wonderingly after the *Fram* as she slowly and heavily steams along on her northward course. Many of them wave their son'-westers and shout "Hurrah!" Others have barely

time to gape at us in wonderment. In on the point are a troop of women waving and shouting, outside a few boats with ladies in light summer dresses and gentlemen at the oars entertaining them with small talk, as they wave their parasols and pocket-handkerchiefs. Yes, it is they who are sending us out. It is not a cheering thought. Not one of them, probably, knows what they are paying their money for. Maybe they have heard it is a glorious enterprise; but why? to what end? Are we not defrauding them? But their eyes are riveted on the ship, and perhaps there dawns before their minds a momentary vision of a new and inconceivable world, with aspirations after a something of which they know naught. . . . And here on board are men who are leaving wife and children behind them. How sad has been the separation—what longing, what yearning await them in the coming years! And it is not for profit they do it. For honor and glory then? These may be scant enough. It is the same thirst for achievement, the same craving to get beyond the limits of the known which inspired this people in the Saga times, that is stirring in them again to-day. In spite of all our toil for subsistence, in spite of all our "peasant politics," sheer utilitarianism is perhaps not so dominant among us after all.

Good-bye was said to Norway on July 21, 1893. At Khabarova on Yugor Strait thirty-four dogs were taken on board. Several litters were born on board afterwards, and some of the pups kept. Great difficulties were experienced in navigating the north coast of Asia; the existing maps were misleading and many new islands have been laid down by Doctor Nansen. It was not till September 10 that the dreaded Cape Chelyuskin was rounded, and Nansen decided not to risk further delay by calling at the Olenek for additional dogs. From Cape Chelyuskin the advance was fairly rapid. West of the New Siberian Islands the prow of the *Fram* was turned north on September 18, and four days later she was moored to an ice-floe to the north of Sannikof Island in about  $78\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N. lat. The ship was soon frozen in and held fast in the ice until just three years

after she broke her way out on the north of Spitzbergen. After leaving the New Siberian Islands no speck of land was seen until the *Fram* reached Spitzbergen. Doctor Nansen would have preferred to run into the ice further east, as then the chance of getting further to the north might have been increased. Indeed in his "conclusion" he advises future explorers who care to follow his method to enter by Behring Strait, as he originally intended to do, and proceed somewhat to the north-east before running into the ice, as then they may have a good chance of beating his record.

After it became evident that the *Fram* was fixed in the ice for good or bad, the thirteen isolated men on board settled themselves down to make the best of the situation and to carry out the various observations which were the main object of the expedition. A meteorological and magnetic observatory was established on the ice; arrangements were made for taking soundings at intervals, frequent astronomical observations for latitude and longitude were made, ample opportunity was afforded during the drift to observe the movements of the ice below and the brilliant auroral displays above. There was plenty to do on board. Abundant and varied meals were served with regularity. A windmill was erected for the purpose of working the dynamo that gave the company a more or less regular supply of electric light. The ship was provided with an excellent library of books grave and gay. Games there were of sorts, an organ out of which to grind tunes, and musical instruments of other kinds. Every opportunity was taken for holding festal days—the birthdays of the men, Norwegian anniversaries, the attainment of certain latitudes, the disappearance and reappearance of the sun, and so on. Barring their isolation from the rest of humanity and the monotony of their environment, these thirteen men were as comfortable in most respects as they would have been in their own houses at home. Both Doctor Nansen and



Captain Sverdrup laugh at the idea of applying the word "hardship" to their position. They all gained in weight; the doctor had an absolute sinecure. When the great store of *data* collected has been worked out and arranged our conception of the success of the expedition will be much enhanced.

The drift at first was painfully and anxiously slow. The *Fram* started off all right over a degree to the N.W., but in November she was back to her starting point. There were many zigzags back and forward before, in the beginning of April, 1894, she finally passed the eightieth degree. On June 16 close on 82° was reached, but by August 28 the *Fram* was back again to 81°. Naturally these alternations, this painful drifting backwards, had a depressing effect on the mind of the leader who had staked so much on the success of his expedition. But that mood did not last long. Here is one specimen from that rich diary in which there was so much leisure during these driftings to enter the expression of every passing mood. It is March 9, 1894:—

Still the same northerly wind; we are steadily bearing south. This, then, is the change I hoped the March equinox would bring! We have been having northerly winds for more than a fortnight. I cannot conceal from myself any longer that I am beginning to despond. Quietly and slowly, but mercilessly, one hope after the other is being crushed and . . . have I not a right to be a little despondent? I long unutterably after home, perhaps I am drifting away further from it; perhaps nearer; but anyhow it is not cheering to see the realization of one's plans again and again delayed, if not annihilated altogether, in this tedious and monotonously killing way. Nature goes her age-old round impassively, summer changes into winter, spring vanishes away, autumn comes, and finds us still a mere chaotic whirl of daring projects and shattered hopes.

From the end of August onwards, while there may have been occasional slight retrogressions, progress on the whole was fairly rapid, and by March 14, 1895, another three degrees had

been covered, and the *Fram* had attained 84° N. lat., in about 103° E. She had entered the ice in about 138° E. long., so that there could be little doubt now as to the truth of Doctor Nansen's theory of a N.W. drift. After Doctor Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen left the ship on that unprecedented journey polewards the drift was fairly steady in the same direction until a latitude of close on 86° was reached in November, 1895. From that point the drift continued slowly and steadily W.S.W. until June, 1896, when the *Fram* was between 83° and 84° N. lat. Had she been allowed to continue her drift, there is little doubt that she would have come out somewhere off the east coast of Greenland; but that was unnecessary. The theory had been proved; three years' *data* in various departments of science had been collected. Three years was the time allowed for the expedition, though six years' provisions had been taken in, in case of accident; and Sverdrup and his companions were getting increasingly anxious about the fate of their two daring friends. A favorable opportunity seemed to present itself. By continuous formidable blasting the ship was loosened from her icy cradle; partly by further blasting and partly by skilful navigation among the one hundred and eighty miles of ice-floes, in twenty-eight days the *Fram* reached the open sea on the north-west of Spitzbergen in the beginning of August last. About the homecoming, and the meeting with Nansen and Johansen, every one knows.

During the drift the capacity of the *Fram* to withstand the ice-pressure was tested in the most critical manner. She came out victorious. On one occasion only was there any real dread on board. The ice was piled up all round the ship and threatened first to crush and then to overwhelm her. Even Nansen himself feared the end might come; boats, provisions, sledges, clothes, everything necessary for a weary trudge across the ice was put out, while the half-dreaded destruction of the ship was awaited. Only the im-



perturbable Sverdrup took it all coolly; at the critical point he was missing, and, after search, was found calmly taking a bath in the hold! The temperatures met with were, of course, very low, though hardly lower than in northern Siberia. The lowest temperature recorded was on January 15, 1896, in about 85° N. lat., when the thermometer registered 93½ degrees below freezing, Fahrenheit. A cold of 70° and 80° below freezing, Fahrenheit, was common enough in winter, while, on the other hand, even in summer on the ice the temperature was rarely above freezing point. But so accustomed were the men to the lowest temperatures that even many degrees below this was felt to be warm and genial. The variation in temperature was sometimes very marked. On February 21, 1896, the thermometer fell in a few hours from 19° 4' to -13° Fahr., and rose with equal rapidity to 21° 96'. Altogether those who remained with the ship seem to have been little affected by the cold.

One of the most remarkable and far-reaching discoveries made by the expedition was the enormous depth of the ocean traversed by the *Fram*. So convinced was Doctor Nansen, apparently, that the common theory of a "shallow polar sea" was correct, that the sounding line he took with him could not go deeper than a few hundred fathoms. This was soon found to be of no avail, and so a rope-walk was arranged on the ice for the untwisting of a wire rope which formed part of the ship's equipment, in order that a sounding gear of adequate length might be constructed. With this, depths of from fifteen hundred to two thousand fathoms were found, and it is desirable to ascertain what are the relations between this deep Arctic basin and the North Atlantic. This discovery upsets many fine theories. From the general character of the ice met with at the furthest north, and from the nature of its movements, Doctor Nansen with much reason comes to the conclusion that there can be no land of any extent, on that side

of the Polar area at least, whatever may be the case on the American side. Nor is it likely that land ever to any extent occupied the Polar area in recent geological periods, so that there remains no solid basis for some of the theories which have been broached as to the life-history of the earth. As specimens of the ocean bed were obtained, and also of the denizens of its waters and of the life in pools on the ice surface, it is evident that ample materials have been obtained for adding a fresh chapter to the checkered history of our globe.

But the story of this remarkable expedition abounds with suggestions on which we cannot dwell. Undoubtedly its most stirring episode was the journey of Nansen and his *fidus achates* Johansen towards the Pole and south to Franz Josef Land. Let it be repeated that, when Doctor Nansen laid the plan of his expedition before the Royal Geographical Society in November, 1892, he said in so many words that his object was not to reach the mathematical point known as the North Pole, but to explore as large an extent of the Polar area as possible. He would certainly try to get as near the Pole as circumstances admitted, but to call the expedition a failure because it did not reach the Pole would display ignorance of its real objects. When the start was made on March 14, 1895, at 84° N. lat., Nansen and Johansen had with them three sledges, two specially prepared kayaks, food in as concentrated condition as possible for the men for three months, only woollen clothing, a small silk tent, *ski*, twenty-eight dogs, instruments, and a careful selection of other material. Everything was reduced to a *minimum*. The travelling throughout, with rare intervals, was trying in the extreme. The ice was covered with ridges and hummocks, and the poor dogs, who could be only scantily fed, had continually to be assisted by Nansen and Johansen over formidable difficulties; the two men went on *ski* all the way. The route was at first direct north, and, in spite of difficulties, in less than

three weeks two degrees—about one hundred and forty statute miles—had been covered. The route was then changed to the north-west, and on April 7, 1895, the latitude of  $86^{\circ} 13' 6''$  N. was reached in long.  $95^{\circ}$  E.; and, as Nansen pushed on a few miles further by himself, we may make the extreme north point attained  $86^{\circ} 14'$ . Thus, then, in the space of twenty-four days these two men had travelled  $2^{\circ} 15'$  of latitude, or, say, one hundred and fifty miles, in a region far beyond the furthest point ever reached by man before. In December, 1894, the *Fram* had passed the highest record of previous explorers— $83^{\circ} 24'$ —so that in something like four months close on three degrees of nothing had been made—a feat unprecedented since the days of Baffin.

But it became evident that the ice was getting worse and worse. The dogs were becoming exhausted. There was no prospect of being able to eke out the limited supplies, no evidence of the existence of any land in which winter quarters might be made, and a certainty that, if the Pole were reached, winter would overtake the two long before they could get off the ice. Wisely and prudently Doctor Nansen resolved to turn and make for Spitzbergen or Franz Josef Land. The story of the struggle with difficulties of all kinds on the way south, and of the long winter in a rude stone hut in Franz Joseph Land, is one of the most exciting in the literature of exploration. The poor dogs got weaker and weaker, and one after another had to be killed to feed the remainder; and at one time the two men themselves had to be content with a meal of dog's blood. It is inexpressibly sad to read of the fate of these willing dogs, and one of Nansen's greatest trials was the treatment he was compelled to mete out to them for dear life. As the summer advanced the ice got worse and worse. The men had often to walk through ice-slush; they were frozen by day and saturated with moisture in their bags at night. Fortunately, bear and walrus fell occasionally to their

guns, and on the whole there was no scarcity of food of a kind. Happily they were able to eat and digest anything, cooked or uncooked. As they approached Franz Josef Land the watches were allowed to run down, and this threw Nansen out as to his longitudes, so that when he did reach the island group he could not believe he was actually in Franz Josef Land, but supposed that he had reached some islands between that and Spitzbergen. At last, in the beginning of August (1895), land was reached, and the kayaks could be floated on the water. But it was not all plain sailing; often ice was encountered, and then sometimes there seemed to be a risk of the two struggling men being carried away from the land altogether. At last the sea got blocked up, and by the end of August it became evident that another winter must be spent in the darkness. The two men took up their quarters on an island about the middle of the Franz Josef group, named by Nansen after Mr. Frederick Jackson, and there they passed the winter mainly in sleep. But even here they had exciting adventures with bears and walruses. They never lacked food, and physically they were none the worse for their months of terrible monotony. At length in May, 1896, the dreary sojourn was ended and Nansen and Johansen were on their way south and west to Spitzbergen, at first on sledges, and, when the ice gave way, in canoes. After many adventures occurred that meeting with Mr. Jackson, with the account of which every one is familiar. It was with infinite relief and joy that the two weary men, after fifteen months' solitary struggling with ice and water and darkness and cold, begrimed with a year's dirt, suddenly plunged into civilization and comfort. Amid all their trials there is no word of complaint, no exaggeration of hardships. Whatever happens is all in the day's work and is taken cheerfully, and probably neither of the two men, with all their knowledge of what would have to be endured, would hesitate to go through the same experience

again if anything were to be gained by it.

In many respects Doctor Nansen's expedition is without precedent, and those who care to institute the comparison will find many analogies between it and that other expedition which, amid the gloomy prognostications of its leader's contemporaries, set out in 1492 to find a way to the other side of the world across an ocean whose surface no keel had ever furrowed.

From Temple Bar.

THE LITTLE NUN.

"This is her portrait."

Aldricks had been painting in Capri. It is singularly pleasant on that lovely little island, lying as it does on the waters of the Mediterranean, fanned by its soft cooling winds, and open all the year round to the kiss of the sun. Aldricks had spent his winter there very happily, but towards the end of February a herd of American tourists swept down upon Capri, invading the little inn he had grown to look upon as his own, visiting his favorite haunts, making merry with his chosen models. "Goths and Vandals," the artist called them bitterly in his heart, and finally, in a fit of disgust, he packed up his canvasses and set out for Rome.

Rome, to be sure, more than Capri, is the resort of all nations, yet she still holds some spots off the beaten track undiscovered by the foot of tourist—narrow, winding streets behind the wide piazzas where a shaft of sunlight lends sudden color to the grim high houses, or sets a momentary halo round the head of some dark-eyed Madonna gossiping in the doorway; where the children playing their mimic life in the gutters are Raphael's cherubs, and the fruit-seller's wares are melons of gold.

It was such cunning memory of these that took Aldricks to Naples and sent him buying a ticket to Rome.

The station at Naples is a busy one.

and the afternoon train to Rome proverbially crowded. The artist thought himself astonishingly lucky to find an empty carriage. He set his valise on the seat and was settling himself comfortably beside it, when a porter carrying luggage, and followed by two nuns, appeared at the door. Aldricks was not honestly glad to welcome these fellow-travellers, but the step was high, he was American and had a natural courtesy for women, and he made haste to offer assistance.

The nuns were French, and wore the fatigued appearance, not so much of setting out afresh on a journey, as of coming off some long voyage. They had not arrived at the station much too soon. Before Aldricks had finished stowing away their numerous packages on the racks and under the seats, the guard was slamming the carriage doors and the train giving a groan of departure.

"Ah!" exclaimed the older nun, suddenly clasping her hands, "we go, and monsieur, the young Englishman—where is he?"

The younger one murmured something in French, and just at that moment the artist heard the shout of an English voice on the platform.

"Hi—hold hard! Oh! Stop, I say; I have some friends I must find! Where!—where! Oh,—here! Oh!—thanks!—thanks!"

A face appeared for an instant at the window, and a young fellow half-bounded and was half-hustled into the carriage; the door was slammed, and the train immediately moved off.

"Oh! Thanks, awfully! I beg your pardon, I'm sure!" he cried breathlessly, as he stumbled past Aldricks to his seat, and took off his hat. "Oh! By Jove, what a run I've had! What did you ladies think?" he asked eagerly. "Did you fancy I was lost?"

The younger nun smiled and shook her head.

"But no, monsieur. I said to Sister Anna, 'Without doubt, Monsieur Berkely has found another compartment.'"

The voice was soft and sweet. There was something very pretty

about the foreign English accent. Aldricks, surprised to hear it, looked at the speaker more attentively.

She was not so tall as the other sister and she was decidedly younger; a small slight creature in her sad-falling black gown, with a clear pallor of complexion and shadows below the grey eyes; with a face not probably remarkable in any way save for the rare beauty of the mouth.

It was not a small mouth; on the contrary it was rather large, but with lines so gracious, so tender, so finely formed, as lent a peculiar charm of strength and sweetness to the whole face; and the white band barring the forehead and hiding the hair from sight made no unbecoming setting.

"Another carriage!" exclaimed the young fellow reproachfully. "What an idea! But I had a near shave of missing the train, hadn't I? It was that beastly post-office. They kept me hanging on there for my telegram an age."

"But you received it, monsieur?" interrupted the little nun. "You have had news of the sick father?"

"No, sister—not I. And there comes in the villainy of these wretched Italians! I kicked my heels for an hour at their old post-office, and, after all, there was no telegram. I shall have to wait until I get to Rome. Poor old pater!" he continued soberly, pulling his moustache. "I hope to heaven I shall hear good news of him there."

Aldricks lifted his eyes from the paper he was unfolding and glanced at the young man.

He was undoubtedly English, and that not only in speech but with an Englishness that stamped itself, from the clean finger-nails of the strong tanned hands, down to the big but not unshapely boots, over his whole personality; a tall young fellow of about six-and-twenty, in rough, grey travelling suit, with Saxon blue eyes and fair hair, a face and neck burnt red by the sun, and a short moustache; not positively handsome, but pleasant to look upon. As he talked he bent forward, the big hands loosely clasped in

front of him, in an attitude half-boyish, half-reverential.

"Ah, I hope so very truly," said the little nun gently.

"What does monsieur say?" broke in the other sister, who appeared to understand no English. "Quel dommage! Quel dommage!" she exclaimed sympathetically when the little nun had translated the other's speech to her. Then she opened her bag, drew out a small black book and settled herself to read, her lips moving rapidly as she bent over it.

"And you, sister," said the young fellow anxiously to his companion—"how did you get on? I can't tell you how awfully sorry I was to leave you at the ship, with all the wretched bother of the Custom House to go through. I was in a fever to get back and help you; but you know it was unavoidable. —I could not help myself."

"But certainly, monsieur," she answered quickly. "Naturally so; and we have indeed managed beautifully. Every person has been most kind. And monsieur"—indicating Aldricks with a slight gracious movement—"was more than amiable with the arrangement of the baggage."

The Englishman turned abruptly to his neighbor with a short suspicious stare.

"Oh! Thanks, awfully," he said rather stiffly, lifting his cap; "I'm immensely obliged. I should have been here myself to help these ladies had I not unluckily been obliged to seek a telegram at Naples."

Aldricks murmured his pleasure and, by way of taking off the slight awkwardness, observed that Naples was a big place.

"So I should think," replied the other, "but I've scarcely seen it. We have only just arrived, two hours ago, from the Cape—an enormous voyage. The steamer, one of these wretched foreign things, don't you know, that simply crawl, and the food execrable—was it not, sister?"

The little nun started. "Pardon—ah, monsieur did not enjoy the food." She smiled, showing a charming row of

short, white teeth. "But then monsieur was not well," she added apologetically.

"You were sea-sick?" said Aldricks, who began to feel an interest in his travelling companions.

"Worse than sea-sick, if such a thing's possible," replied the young fellow, with a frank laugh. "I had a bad-dish touch of fever, and if it hadn't been for my uncommon good luck meeting these ladies on board the steamer, and their tremendous goodness nursing me, I should have died without fail."

"Ah, monsieur is too kind; monsieur makes too much of a little service," said the little nun depreciatingly. "It is our work to nurse, and one learns, naturally, much of fevers in Africa."

She looked at Aldricks as she spoke, and he responded by saying he believed fever was one of the curses of Africa, but he had had the fortune not to experience it; he had, however, only once paid a flying visit to the Cape.

"To the Cape?" The grey eyes brightened. "Does monsieur then know Cape Town?"

"But a fortnight's acquaintanceship," he said. "Has—has madam"—he stammered awkwardly over the word, scarcely knowing how to address a nun—"been there?"

"Mals, oui, monsieur, in the hospital. Now we have received our orders to come home."

"And you must obey orders?"

"Assuredly," she answered, smiling back cheerfully—"we go where we are sent. Sometimes Africa, it may be Russia, or perhaps London next—who knows? But it is quite our pleasure, monsieur," she added quickly; "it is not at all against the will."

"Madame is very fortunate," he said gravely.

There was something of such dignity and simplicity about the little sister that Aldricks, although he had no high regard for the Roman Catholic religion, conceived a great respect and liking for her on the spot, and as the train flew onwards past hamlets and fields and vineyards, and he drew in by the

half-open window a perfume of early flowers, a breath of new earth, a freshness of spring—these, also, in their young sweetness mingled in his mind and remained always with the thought of her. He saw dreamily the blue-bloused peasants working in their fields, the women tolling like the men, with figures bent through bearing heavy burdens; observed here and there a tall cross with outstretched arms, casting its shadow across the sunny roads; saw great monastic buildings standing deep amongst rich pastures, or raised high on heights, where all the pathways of the land pointed up to them like white fingers; heard, through musings, born of these sights, the murmured speech of his companions, and, finally, became more widely awake by some more poignant tone of feeling in the young Englishman's voice.

"Dear old tub—slow old ark—I never thought I should be so sorry to leave her; and you, sister, were you not sorry too?"

The little nun did not answer for a moment. Then she said constrainedly, "I do not know, monsieur." As Aldricks glanced up he fancied there was a look of trouble on her face.

"I have hunger," observed the older nun, suddenly laying down her book, and she unfastened her bag and took out a piece of dry bread.

"Eat, Sister Ursula," she said, contentedly breaking off a piece and holding it out to the other; "thou hast hunger too."

The young man put out his hand impulsively as if he would forbid her, and just then the train, which had been slackening speed, drew near to a station.

"Happy thought!" he cried, jumping up. "I can't pronounce these outlandish Italian names, but I'm morally certain this must be the station where we are allowed ten minutes for eating. Sister, don't—don't take that hard bread, I beg of you; I shall go and forage, and fetch you something more tempting."

Scarcely waiting for the train to



stop, he leapt out. Aldricks, following more leisurely, perceived him at the buffet, buying an indiscriminate assortment of cakes, apples, rolls, and little flagons of wine, and, by the emphasis of his English voice and the eloquence of his English gold, making himself understood. Shortly afterwards, when the artist entered the carriage, he saw a feast spread out on the seat, and the two nuns and the young Englishman enjoying it with all the relish and gaiety of children. It came as a surprise to him to hear the girlish laughter of the little sister. He had always fancied nuns in their black garb as being apart from humanity and living in a chill atmosphere of their own. But there was a something very fresh and natural about this young nun which no black garb could hide; and yet, at the same time, he could almost think it was not gaiety alone, but rather a hidden current of excitement that was so stirring the quiet moonlight charm of her face, that had brought a pink flush to the pale cheek, and a shining to the grey eyes.

"By Jove! how good these apples taste," said the young fellow, setting his strong, white teeth in one. "I haven't eaten an apple since I left old England. Try this jolly little chap, Sister Anna! He's like one of your Normandy pippins. Oh! *oui, oui*, yes, do."

"Now I have not hunger," said the old nun, drawing her handkerchief across her lips. "Monsieur has been very amiable; merci, beaucoup, monsieur." She nodded her kindly sunburnt face, crossed herself, and murmured a prayer.

Sister Anna was a plain woman; a simple primitive soul, who unaffectedly enjoyed such pleasures as her religion allowed her, and resigned them with the same cheerfulness of heart. She settled herself in a corner of the carriage, folded her hands below her long sleeves, and composed herself to sleep. Sister Ursula moved to the other corner and opened her little black book.

"You are going to read?" exclaimed the young man reproachfully.

"Monsieur, yes; it is my hour for devotion." She crossed herself and the sign seemed to form a screen, railing her apart. The young Englishman fell back disappointedly.

"Care to look at this paper?" said Aldricks, holding out his journal; "it's a few days old, but it's English."

"Oh! thanks very much; anything short of six months is new to me. Africa doesn't provide us with the *Times* every morning," he added with a laugh.

"You have been living in Africa?"

"In the heart of it—yes. I took the Rider Haggard fever when I was a young chap, and nothing would satisfy me but Africa; so my people, bless them, sent me out there. But now I'm going home to get some English breezes, and I—I rather think I have had about enough of it, and I'd like to settle down." He glanced interrogatively at his companion. "A man gets tired of knocking about, don't you know," he went on confidentially; "and the fact is, one grows to be a sort of heathen like the rest of them out there, and—and it isn't a right sort of thing, don't you know." He paused with a curious look, half-defiantly-boyish, half-questioningly.

Aldricks nodded silently. He was a man of few words, and had often cursed his own want of expression. The young Englishman reddened, relapsed into himself as if ashamed of his frankness, unfolded the newspaper, and made a great pretence of being absorbed in it. But no sooner did the little nun raise her head than the journal was thrown aside and the young fellow bent forward to speak to her.

And now the dusk began to gather and fall about them, that short rapid twilight of Italy, which, coming suddenly, wraps the land in her dark embrace. Shifting shades of thought passed quickly over the landscape; trees, villages, hills, and fields began to wear a pensive look, to grow solemn, to fade away into mystery. They were drawing near Rome.

Aldricks pulled his cap over his eyes tried to make his mind dwell on that



idea; strove to picture the many different pilgrims who had journeyed to the Eternal City, their hearts beating high with hope and joy and triumph, with fear or hate; but these imaginings were feeble and cold, the figures uncertain and pallid, and through them all he was acutely conscious that one other vivid drama was being played out in a corner of this same carriage, that love and young life, at their immortal game, were beating out their ever-new romance. He honestly tried to sleep, to shut them out of sight and mind, but the air vibrated with an electricity that banished sleep, and his hearing appeared abnormally sharpened. He moved restlessly.

"If I get a telegram at Rome," the young Englishman was saying, "I may not have to hurry on; then I shall stay and see you often."

"But, no, monsieur; they do not permit visitors at the convent where I go. The holy mother is good; she is not so strict as many—but it is forbidden."

"In the street, then? What, sister? You say 'no'? But it's monstrous! We, who have been six weeks together every day. You, who have done more for me than any other living creature. I—who—no—no—it can't be. You don't mean it?"

The little nun made some reply in a low tone.

"You mean to say," broke out the strong voice impetuously, "that it's to be all over, and we say good-bye at the station forever, and—and never meet again—that you forget all about me. Then I'm nothing more to you than a common friend," he cried bitterly—"just the same as one of the sailors on board the steamer—as those poor hospital people who wept when you left them."

Aldricks opened his eyes. Sleep would not come to them. It had indeed been a positive pain to keep them closed so long; yet, the moment after, with a sharp catch of the breath, he had shut them again voluntarily, tightly, as a child does, in the effort not to look. He had suffered himself. He hated that others should suffer, and

that short glance had shown him the face of the little nun, no longer bright with a gentle gaiety, but white to ghastliness in the dim light of the carriage, the hands crushed together over the little black book, the beautiful mouth drawn with pain, and the eyes looking, not at the young Englishman, but turned from him—past him—out into the flying night, and dark with a sort of anguish. Her companion was bending forward, his whole being shaken, profoundly moved with some strong emotion, his burning eyes fixed upon her face.

In the other corner of the carriage Sister Anna gently snored.

"Oh, my God," cried the young fellow violently, "you can't mean it! It's not possible! Oh, I know they say," he went on incoherently, "that we Protestants have no saints; but I tell you it isn't true. You are my saint—my Saint Ursula—my Madonna—I worship you. I—"

"No, no, no, monsieur!" she cried wildly. "I am a grievous sinner—I am no saint. I beseech you, say no more."

Aldricks opened the window, thrust his head out into the night air, felt the churning rush of the winds upon his forehead, and saw the shining of the southern stars, so many, so bright, so near as to bear the appearance of some great city in the sky. He tried to count them, but their numbers dazzled his eyes. He drew up the window again with a rattling sound. His companions heeded him no more than if he had been a lay figure. It gave him some small comfort through his embarrassment to know he had at least not added to theirs.

"If you be a sinner, may all the world be such!" said the passionate voice. "But no, sweetest, you are my saint, and I love you! I tell you I love you with my whole soul."

He laid his hands upon hers, would have drawn her to him; but she tore them away, and shrank from him with a shuddering moan.

"Monsieur, monsieur, you forget I am a nun!"

He laughed excitedly.

"A nun if you like, dearest, but what does that signify? You are a woman first of all and the sweetest woman God ever made. Ah! Ursula, Ursula," he whispered, "have you forgotten those days you sat beside me and nursed me when I was ill, those nights when I grew better, and we watched the moon rise at sea? You and I, alone, dearest. Always you——"

She cried out and covered her face with her hands. The little book slipped unheeded to the ground.

"Oh, monsieur, I beseech you, have done!" she gasped. "It is a sin most frightful. I am a nun—I cannot listen."

"Why did you teach me to love you, then?" he cried roughly.

Her hands fell down. She looked at him wildly for a moment, and a sob caught at her throat.

"Oh, did you not know," she said in strangely still tones, "that for us nuns there is no other love but the love of heaven? Monsieur, we are vowed apart. No one loves us otherwise. We—we—never——"

Her voice broke.

"You cannot say it, he cried out triumphantly. "Your heart is too true for such cruel words. Dearest," he went on beseechingly, "why will you fight against fate? Who brought us together on the steamer? Who put it into our hearts to love one another if it was not God? Our love is no sin. It has made a better man of me already. Love is the strongest, purest thing in all the world."

"Holy Mother of God, help me!" moaned the little nun.

The train gave a sudden shock.

"I have well slept," said Sister Anna, waking up and rubbing her eyes. "Nous sommes arrivés à Rome, n'est-ce-pas?" And she arose with cheerful alacrity and began to gather her packages together. "Merci, monsieur, merci, Ursula, ma sœur, êtes-vous prête?"

They were in Rome now, but a Rome hidden out of sight in all the hideous prose of a railway-station. Immediately there followed the usual bustle

of arrival, the cries for porters, the struggle to secure one. Aldricks, finding himself the only member of the party able to understand Italian, was glad to make himself of some use. The young Englishman said nothing, and scarcely appeared conscious of where he was. He bit his moustache, and his blue eyes, filled with a dumb passion, rested continually on the little nun. She stood apart, close beside the other sister, silent, pale, bewildered, with bent head.

When the artist eventually, some few minutes later, wished these travelling companions good-bye he had the thought that, in all probability, he should never see one of them again. Fate, however, who is stronger than most men, willed otherwise. It was indeed only half an hour later, and while waiting for his own luggage at the "Douane," wedged in near the wall by a mass of excited persons, that he again saw the young Englishman approaching. He came working his way through the crowd, a paper held tightly in his hand, and scanning the faces eagerly in search of some one. He passed Aldricks with a blank stare, too intent in his search to be aware of anything else, but immediately afterwards exclaimed, "Thank heaven, I have found you!" and some one replied, "The telegram has come, monsieur?"

"Yes—waiting me here. But not the best of news. My father is still alive, and they wire me to come on at once."

"Ah! how glad I am he lives. Monsieur will yet be in time to see him." The voice of the little nun sounded faint and very tired, as of one who has come out of a sore illness.

For a few moments neither spoke. Porters were seizing upon boxes, passengers exclaiming, gesticulating, misunderstanding, following after them. Then he broke out hoarsely. "Ursula, I can't leave you! I cannot—don't ask me. Look, beloved! I love you so well I will give up everything—my father, my country. I will not go home; and you, dearest—you will leave your convent! You——"

She flung out her hands wildly with a gesture of horror.

"The good God forbid!" she cried solemnly. "Would we do such grievous sin? Ah, monsieur, monsieur, this is not love. But, no, no; you did not mean it." she said soothingly, a sort of divine motherliness coming into the sweet voice. "It was but the thought of one short moment. It will be pardoned you. Yes, yes, I come"—this to the porter, who was pointing to a small hair-box beside him. "Monsieur"—she stood before him with drooping head and hands clasped below the long sleeves—"it is the farewell. I have sinned; I have done evil; I will repent all my life. I—I will pray ever for your soul." She raised her face and looked up at him, the grey eyes wide open—a long, steadfast look. Suddenly her beautiful lips trembled, and before he could stay her she had bent with a quick, passionate movement and laid them on his hands. Then she turned, waving him from her with all her slight strength, and passed out of sight.

Next instant Aldricks saw under the light of the ylle oil-lamp the face of his fellow-man. Involuntarily he held out his hand as to some creature in deep distress, and the other mechanically grasped it.

"Hard lines," muttered Aldricks.

"Oh, d-damn Rome!" said the young Englishman with a sob.

"If you like," said Aldricks: "but don't damn doing right."

To find a man in London whose address you don't know is about as difficult a matter as to seek a needle in a haystack. Aldricks had painfully made proof of this in a prolonged search for a Capri artist friend, and at the same time he also came to realize the other truism that the chance acquaintance turns up in the most unexpected places.

It was in London, two years later—London in Hyde Park, and in the early month of June, when, if a man be in good heart with himself, no place can be pleasanter. There was a crowd of

carriages. All the gay world was pluming and preening itself in the sunshine that lovely afternoon. Aldricks was not in very high spirits; as a matter of fact his nature leaned more towards melancholy than jousness, and he was sitting under the trees digging round holes in the ground with his stick and wondering what other stone—figuratively speaking—he could upturn to find his lost friend. He was not quick at making friends, but once he did he hated to lose sight of them, and this one had been horribly unfortunate of late. The artist feared for him, he scarcely knew what. It clashed with the state of his thoughts to hear a young man, leaning over the railing in front of him, exclaim to his companion:—

"Awfully lucky dog, that young Berkely! See him with his wife?"

"And who may young Berkely be?" inquired the other languidly.

"Berkely of Yorkshire. Don't you know him? The iron man's son who died some time ago, leaving a mint of money; the elder son died shortly afterwards, and this fellow came into it all. Awfully lucky chap!"

"And what's young Berkely done to be so favored of the gods?"

"Nothing, nothing in the world. He was no end of a wild young fellow, and sowed his wild oats out in Africa—any amount. Seems to have left them behind him though. He came home when his father lay dying, and was awfully glum for a long time after; made a sort of recluse of himself, don't you know, and wouldn't go anywhere. But now he's come out again and lately married an awfully charming girl. Lucky dog! Oh! by Jove, there they are! See that carriage coming up?"

Aldricks had stopped digging holes in the ground, and was glancing before him carelessly enough. Just then there was a block or carriages, and one drew up opposite him. A young man seated in it, laughing and talking with an extremely pretty girl, turned his head leisurely, and for a moment their eyes met.

He was a big young man, sunburnt, with a fair moustache, and dressed in the orthodox frock-coat and tall hat—one very much like a thousand others in England, and seeming in the gay sunlight supremely happy and content. But suddenly the smile died out of his blue eyes; a vague, puzzled look of recognition came in its place. He started, and half lifted his hand to his hat.

"Who is it, Charlie?" said the lovely girl beside him. "Any one I know?"

"No, Mabel, no; it's only a man I fancy I've met somewhere. I can't quite think where."

The carriage moved on. Aldricks wondered at that moment if they had both thought of the little nun.

A. H. BEGGIE.

---

From *The Contemporary Review*.

#### THE FAMINE IN MY GARDEN.

A frost overnight, and in the morning a thaw. The January sun so bright that the poor old flies come out and bask in company on the ivy-bloom—the veterans of a year, content in the evening of life to sit still and feel warm once more. Will you laugh at me if I say that there is something very pathetic in this last convention of the little creatures, doomed to die to-night, who have met together "*morituri*," to salute, for the last time, the sun?

How few they are, these survivors of the countless hosts of summer, and how feeble they look, burly blue-bottles and "hoverers," with big, bulging eyes, as they creep, hand over hand, on to the centre of the tods of ivy-bloom and sit there—you can almost hear them puffing and wheezing after their exertions—to thaw their half-numbed limbs. A wasp, one of those selected by Nature to outlive the winter and found new colonies in spring, comes upon the scene, self-assertive and bad-mannered as usual. She has scented the aromatic honey in the ivy flowers, and is making the most of the brief time, scrambling greedily from bunch to bunch, and upsetting off each the poor old dozy fly that was sit-

ting on the top, thinking out the end of its life. How unfeelingly robust the busy insect must seem to those melancholy "centenarians" of a twelvemonth, those philosophic invalids, silently sunning themselves once more before they die!

Ivy-bloom is Nature's last roll-call of the flies. To it muster the battered remnants of great armies of winged folk, and it may be that they think summer has begun again, and looking round and seeing that every tuft of flower is occupied, may imagine that all the rest of the garden is just as full of their kinsmen as the ivy is, and as the garden used to be when the sun shone every day. And who knows? Perhaps these old people deceive themselves with the hope that the feebleness which they feel all over is only "passing," and that by and by they will be just as they used to be, glossy in coat and strong on the wing, and—the joy of it!—with noble appetites for the honey of flowers. And dreaming that they are going to be young again soon, they fall asleep in the sunshine, and while they sleep the merciful frost overtakes them, and they dream themselves one by one off the ivy-bloom, and drop, from leaf to leaf, to the ground. Only the wasp is left. She has filled herself up to the neck, like a bottle, with honey, and, while there was still light to see by, has crept away under the thick ivy, and deep down into the middle of the thatch, where her folk had their nest this year and whence next year she will come forth to start her own. So that this self-assertive, pushing wasp is really, if you think of it, an assurance of coming spring. Had she, like the old flies, sat still and got frozen when the sun went down behind the firs, you might have said, "There is an end of it. Winter is coming now." But the wasp has kept herself alive; nothing finite or conclusive has happened; she is there, snug and happy, a link between the old year and a new. So you must not say "*Finis*;" for it is springtime that is coming, not winter. The wasp knows that. If she did not she would die like the hoverers with the big eyes and the blue-

bottle that looks so stout, but is really only the husk of a fly. So think as well as you may of the wasp. For she is a gracious reminder of gentler days that are coming, days that are good for the crocus and anemone, and when the sun will shine again on daffodil-trumpets for the bees to blow.

And next morning falling snow, and a bitter wind from the north that whirls it round and round in the open fields, and drifts it up in the lanes, burying the fieldmouse in his winter nest in the bank, and, to the great bewilderment of the travelling rabbits, levelling the ditches with the road. Follow bunny's tracks up and you can hardly help laughing when you see what happened when he got to the snow-filled ditch. How deep he plumped in and what a fuss he made in getting out! Lucky for Brer Rabbit, that Brer Fox was not lying low, or there, in the ditch, would have been the end of all his misbehaviour. But he got out all safe and went on, and here, further along, you see is where he crossed into the hedge-row in safety, a sheltered corner with no treacherous drift.

And the snow still falls, till it has covered up the snowdrops and the winter aconites which the soft mild weather of the early year had wheedled into bloom, and goes on falling till everything has been made beautiful. The laurels and ivy are deeply coped with snow, their broad leaves hold it well, but the japonicas are only outlined in white. The yews, drooping long feathers of snow to the ground, are beautiful beyond words, and the oak's stiff branches, straight-stretched before it, are spangled to the tips. The leaves of the box and barberry are every one of them fringed with loveliest lace, and the birch, the lady's tree, stands like a bride in her veil. The firs are wonderful, weird, and fairy-tale-like—what might not easily happen at Christmas time in a forest of fir-trees!—and beautiful above all are the great elms, like frozen fountains. Every tree, every shrub, takes the snow to its own personal adornment as it will, or as it may, and the loveliness is such that those

who set it aright feel thankful to Pan. And under the trees lie stretched the levels of the earth bewitching, in the purity of white, and thus in his ermine imperial Winter stands confessed.

But alas for the little folk of my garden! Under a few trees, yews and cypresses, Wellingtonias and deodars, the brown earth is still bare. Here the pheasants scratch and the squirrels make hysteric search for nuts—nuts buried in the merry autumn days when they revelled in filberts and sunshine, and the cracking of shells and the tapping of tit and nuthatch were the loudest sounds in the orchard; when black-bird and thrush and rabbit feasted on fallen fruit, and the red admirals floated to and fro among the dahlia blooms and sipped the juices of apple and pear and plum, and tipsy bumble-bees lay about among the flowers sleeping off the effects of the linden-wine.

Those happy days of warmth and plenty are gone for a while, and the present is all snow and famine. Puffed up into balls, the birds sit all forlorn and hungry under the shrubs, and sedately melancholy the pheasants urge a desperate quest for food underneath the laurel and box and holly. The squirrel does not care a fig, for he is up in a silver fir eating off all the tips of the branches, and the bullfinch does not mind, for the buds on the cherry-trees are plump and without number. The rabbit too, though perplexed, is not dismayed, for he delves his way up out of his burrow through the overlying snow—his exits look like the blow-holes in the ice where seals come up to breathe—and issues upon a grassless world it is true, but with "fine confused feeding" before him—veronicas and violet leaves, honesty, sweet-williams, all sorts of flower-garden fare—and, as his foot-prints in the morning show, frisks about and foots it fealty with his kind. What distances these creatures travel in a night! coming and going upon their tracks till they become a labyrinth, and arriving at their objective points—the Brussel-sprouts that stand up like little palm-trees from the desert white, and the large round heads of winter cab-



bage dumplinged over with snow—by such oblique approaches, such cautious circumbendibuses. Perhaps these other footmarks, round pads, five-toed, that go alongside theirs may account for some of the rabbit's circuitous excursions and sudden alarms. For the cats are abroad these snowy nights.

But, except the squirrel and the bullfinch and the rabbit and the mice, that go to sleep when they find it cold, all the other little burghers of the garden are miserable. So relief-works are opened, not on any sliding-scale of misery, or with allowances computed by prominence of skeleton, but on the good old blundering, demoralizing, principle of indiscriminate charity. And it does not work very well; for there is the sparrow.

It was no less nor worse a person than Martin Luther who said the "sparrow should be killed wherever found." But this is no time to talk of killing. The snow lies a foot deep on the ground, and the frost rings hard to the foot and means to last. So let us try to forget what Luther said—perhaps in his haste—about "the bird that the Hebrews called *tschirp*." But they have to be cheated, outwitted, circumvented, and generally bamboozled, or the relief-works would be a mere mockery and a farce. For as soon as the food is thrown down the sparrows are in the middle of it, and not eating, as other birds do, with a peck and a start, but gobbling, *wolfing*. They think of nothing else, never exchange a remark with one another never look about them, but eat, eat, eat, till all is gone. It is only then that the blackbird and the chaffinch, who have been all along aware that a meal was in progress, but have hesitated to share it, come timidly forward, only to find that every crumb has been swallowed. The new-comers hop about the relief-works, picking up unconsidered atoms here and there—it is poor gleaning after the sparrow has reaped—while the sparrows sit idly scratching their heads or, perched in the trees around, watch for the reopening of the door. At the first sound of the handle turning, the song-birds and the

birds of beauty are off, and the sparrows are back.

So it goes on all day. You can no more fill a sparrow up with crumbs than you could Jumbo with buns. A robin is soon satisfied, and, satisfied, goes away. A sparrow is nothing if not excessive. The fat boy in "*Pickwick*" might preach temperance to it. Like time, it is *edax rerum* and insatiable. Besides, it has not the remotest idea of good taste or manners. It has neither self-respect nor gratitude. So, though its little graceless necessities must be duly respected, its excesses of appetite may be becomingly, and in a Christian spirit, outwitted.

One plan is to mix oatmeal with very fine stale crumbs and ostentatiously scatter it about, pretending that you are spreading a banquet, on as many sides of the house as possible and over as much ground as possible, and when the sparrows are all greedily at work at the scanty provender to go off with a basket of solid provisions, scraps of fat, heads and tails of fish, broken bread, sliced apples, bacon-rind (and, reader, if you are cutting it off for the birds, do not pare it too close, let your knife generously slip a little), maize, dog-biscuit, everything and anything, and dispose of it, under the shrubs and in corners where you see the birds have been scratching, not in meagre dribbles, but with a free hand in a few places. Then go innocently back to the house, and about an hour later have more oatmeal and tiny crumblets scattered with great display for the sparrows. And thus you may keep "*tschirp*" under your windows, quite content, thinking he has everything to himself, while far away, out of ken of the voracious little vagabond, the birds you wish to serve are keeping themselves alive upon ample and varied fare.

For it must be remembered that the country sparrow does not suffer from "inclement" skies. It does not matter to what "the skies" are like; its food is there all the same. With other birds the case is vastly different. They are literally starving, and but for your relief-works would die. As it is, many do die, simply from



timidity. And here comes in the only good that the sparrows do in times of famine. They guide the shyer and less sophisticated birds to the food that is offered them. If it were not for the sparrows collected upon the pathways and snow-cleared spaces, the blackbird and thrush, the chaffinch and hedge-sparrow, the tits and nuthatches might never find out the charity provided.

Robins need no telling, for they come at once; but can anything be more provoking than their behavior? They pick up a tiny crumb, perk their tails, flick their wings, attitudinize, take fright and fly away; come back again for another tiny crumb, behave absurdly again, and go off. Meanwhile the sparrows go on stuffing without a word, or even a look for anything else but the food before them—"In the name of the Prophet—*crumbs!*" The hedge-sparrows, with nervous twitching of wings, hop about selecting apparently the tiniest morsels they can find. The courtly chaffinches come with a gay step, chirping to each other to give and take confidence, but eating nothing, moving obsequiously out of the way of every gluttonous sparrow, and pecking only with apologies. Suddenly comes a general stampede. A blackbird, determined, come what may, to get something to eat, descends upon the scene, picks up as large a piece as it can see, and flies, with a nervous squeak, back into the shrubs, and for the rest of the day spends its time in being chased by, or chasing, another blackbird.

So, reader, you who love the birds do not bring them all down to an equal necessity of accepting too publicly your outdoor relief. Do not insist upon their coming to the doorstep and the window-sill for food. Some of them are very nervous and sensitive—made of tender stuff. They shrink from the common feast, and, until the pain of real starvation beats down their shyness, will, from the shelter of the shrubs, piteously watch the robust ones dividing your alms among them, but will not, these small gentlefolk in feathers, intrude any claim upon your charity. So pretend that you know nothing of their necessities.

Affect an innocence even of their haunts, and, out of your own good taste, as it were, do not urge them to the ordeal of joining the mob before your windows. So will your bounty not be a misery to these little people. Take your benevolences out into the shrubberies and the orchard, and, as you pass, scatter the saving morsels wherever they may most quickly catch the eye—under the bushes, where the earth is brown, round the feet of the trees, where there is still grass green—and the birds that you love best will eat in peace, gratefully sharing in your largesse now sweetened to them by seclusion. They eat not as paupers, but as the little neighbors of a great lord, each of them in its own home, as it were, and twice thankful, for the snow-tide help, and for their own escape from the sharp discipline of public charity.

There are no conditions that I know of that give the looker-on so authentic an insight into the characters of birds as their behavior during the famine. Of the sparrows I have already spoken. But it is noble to see the robin tourney at him and peck him full on the middle of his grey skull; to see the hedge-sparrow ruffle itself up, and hear it with a squeak tilt straight into the burly braggart; to see the tiny marsh-tit, its head-feathers all on end with pluck, drive at him. The sparrow seldom retaliates except upon his own kind. Even the polite chaffinch, always ready to give place, and never coming forward without a "By your leave," gets out of patience with the sparrow and dabs it on the back when it hustles it. But the sparrow has a fine street-boy sort of revenge upon them all, and, from observation, I am almost certain that one trick which it plays is deliberate. The birds are all feeding, ten or twenty sparrows to one of any other kind, and suddenly they rise all together. *Whir-r-r!* All the other birds are frightened and fly to long distances and there wait for a catastrophe that never occurs, or some danger to pass by that never threatened, and lo! the sparrows are all back among the food again. They had only flown up into the tree

overhead or on to the wall behind, and had hardly alighted before they returned. But the other birds are too sincerely perturbed to come back for a long time; some of them never come back at all.

These panics among the sparrows are so causeless and so advantageous to themselves that I am convinced they are a ruse. A blackbird among them is a nuisance; he bullies them. So up they get—*chir-r-r*!—and where is the blackbird? Gone so far and alarmed so thoroughly that he will not be back for an hour at least. But the sparrows are all there again within five seconds, and going on with the crumbs just where they left off. Dogs, we know, practise this "swike" regularly and of plan pre-  
pense. One dog has a bone which the other covets. The boneless dog suddenly rushes out of the room barking excitedly; the other follows him. Back comes first dog and carries off the bone. Enter second dog. *Tableau*. Crows do the same in India. A kite is feasting, and they come round it. There is a sudden panic. Up starts the kite, and lo! the feast is gone and the crows with it. The same trick, I believe, from observation during the past fortnight of wintry weather, is practised every day upon the more timid tenants of our gardens by "the bird that the Hebrews call *tschirp*."

Next to the sparrow, the most interesting visitor is the marsh-tit, a very common little bird, but by most people mistaken, from the similarity of head-gear, for the "blackcap," which is only a summer visitor and does not stay with us in winter. This tiny bird is very fearless, respecting only its cannibal cousin, the great tit, and, if it has made up its mind to get the bait, disregarding the dangers of the trap. You may catch the same marsh-tit over and over again, the little captive coming and going at each imprisonment with the same cheery little cry. It perches on the food with an impudent, "*Chee-chee-chee!* I'm small, but I won't be sat upon!" and deliberately picking out the largest piece, flies off with it. It has hardly gone before it is back. "*Chee-*

*chee-chee!*" and away again with the largest crumb it can find. And so it will go on as long as any food large enough to be worth carrying off remains. No naturalist that I am aware of has noticed this very curious and interesting peculiarity of the marsh-tit.

Why does this bird carry off so much food that it does not want? No other English bird does it. The crow family, of course, will hide morsels for enjoyment later. But there is no analogy here, for the marsh-tit has not the smallest idea where it puts its food nor does it care where it goes. If I place a dozen large crumbs of bread upon the birds' table outside my window, a single marsh-tit will carry them all off in three minutes or less, and deposit them in twelve different places, none of them ten yards away from the table. Its only idea is to secrete as much as it can, but where it secretes it does not matter a tittle to the tit. One piece goes into the handle of the ivy basket, the next into the wistaria over my window, a third into the laurel hedge, a fourth into the holly bush, and all the rest into a great cigar-shaped yew. Into this yew-tree the bird drops its crumbs with as much confidence as if it were a safe or a money-box. That the pieces of bread all fall out at the bottom of the tree makes no difference. The tit has got rid of the piece; that is enough for it. And back it comes for some more. Its only idea is to get all the food it can *out of sight*. "Clear the table" is its one notion.

Its conduct here is nearly the same as the squirrel's, which, when the nuts are falling, carries them off at the rate of one a minute by the hour together. If undisturbed it buries them as near the tree as possible, in a flower-bed or in the grass, in the soft edge of the pathway, anywhere, so long as it gets the nut underground. What does it do it for? Certainly not to scratch them up again. I have seen (I am speaking literally) two or three squirrels burying nuts by the hundred morning after morning (my host finds that it does not pay for the cost of picking to send filberts to Covent Garden, and so they lie on the ground

by bushels, the gardener sweeping them off the paths into heaps under the trees) in as many hundred different places, all over the grass in front of the summer-house where I have been sitting at work, in every corner of the orchard, but all at random or fortuitously, without any plan or method. They are simply in hysterical hurry to get the nuts out of sight. That the squirrels ever find any of the nuts again, except by accident, I do not believe, as I see them every day searching apparently for them, but never yet have I seen a squirrel find a nut. The pheasants and rabbits unearth them frequently, and then the squirrels come by their own again, but, as I have already said, I do not believe they ever find by themselves nuts which they buried, except by accident.

With the marsh-tit it is exactly the same. So long as it has removed an atom of food it is content; what becomes of the atom does not concern it in the least. If when flying away with it the morsel drops, the tit does not pick it up, but comes back for another. "As well there as anywhere else," it says.

It is particularly fond of carrying off maize. Six grains a minute is leisurely work for this absurdly active little bird. Now it is a large hand that will hold more than two hundred grains of maize, yet that one tit carries off a handful in an hour with ease. Half-a-dozen of them, therefore, will make away with enough maize in an hour to feed as many pheasants for a day! And what do the tits do with it? They are very fond of pecking out the softer matter at the sprouting end of the grain. Now, maize is a very awkward shape to hold, and the consequence is that nine times out of ten the grain slips out of their claws at the first peck, and drops to the ground. But as a matter of fact the marsh-tit as often as not flies off with the maize with no intention of eating it but merely of hiding it. And this it will do anywhere, in an ivy stump, a crack in a wall, a fork of a branch, or its favorite "safe-deposit" yew-tree. The behavior of the coal-tit is in marked contrast. It too carries off food, but for the

sole purpose of eating it, and though it drops again and again it pursues and recovers it, often finishing on the ground the meal which it began at the top of the tree. The squirrel hides food in summer, and it is plausible to suppose that it does so to eat it in the winter. But why should the marsh-tit hide food in winter? Surely not in the hope of eating it in summer. The point is a very interesting one as going to weaken the "provident" idea of the squirrel's hoards.

Another point that has perplexed naturalists from the first is, in miniature, raised by this same little bird, the marsh-tit.

How does the vulture discover its food? is a question periodically asked, and as regularly answered with a "nobody knows." Audubon, for instance, says by sight; Waterton says by smell; and where two such observers disagree, it is not likely that anybody else will venture to decide.

But how do our English tits discover meat? When the answer to my query is given I think the solution of the vulture problem will also have been found.

Opposite my study-window, I fasten with wire a bacon-rind or piece of fat on to the posts that support the verandah, or on one of the strands of wistaria that stretch across from post to post. In either case the meat is out of sight of the tits. The ground is plentifully sprinkled with birds, for it is plentifully sprinkled with crumbs. But what happens? As soon as I come in, the other birds, disturbed at their repast, return to the crumbs, but the tits go straight to the meat. As I have said, they cannot see it. And even if they could see it, what would a strip of bacon-rind or a piece of fat suggest to a tit who had never seen such an object before? Later on, noticing the tits are enjoying themselves, the sparrow's keen eyes are turned up again and again to see what it is that the others are eating. Curiosity tempts them to fly up and examine the morsels which excite the tit-mice to such enthusiasm, but they can find nothing of sufficient interest to keep them away from crumbs, and so after

a second's perfunctory survey of the surroundings they return to the ground. Then the tits come back, and just as with the vultures, the news of the "carcase" spreads with astonishing rapidity, and to travesty Longfellow's lines:—

Never stoops the soaring titmouse  
On the bacon-rind or suet,  
But another titmouse watching  
Wonders what he's got and follows,  
And a third pursues the second,  
First a speck and then a titmouse  
Till the place is full of titmice.

How do the tits find out the meat? The robin seems to be the only bird that shares the faculty with them, and it appears to me that it distinctly marks off these two birds as carnivorous and possessed of a "meat-sense" for which our own senses afford no better explanation than they do of the bee's "honey-sense."

Of the other birds who come to the relief-works near the house, there are none with very marked individuality of behavior, and, on the whole, they are disappointing. It is pleasant to see the little folk at food, but the manner in which they accept your alms, their complete want of confidence in your intentions, is depressing. Except the hedge-sparrow and the robin, I know none that really gratify you by their demeanor. Before you are down in the morning all kinds of birds, as the foot-prints and queer marks in the snow reveal to you, have been round your doors. Here are marks to fit all birds—jay, rook, missel-thrush, wood-pigeon, hawfinch, jackdaw, starling, woodpecker. But they do not come to the meal. And where are the yellow-hammers and larks, linnets and greenfinches, wrens and wagtails? They are all in the garden or the orchard or the meadow during the day, but sad is the fact that they come up in the early morning to the house and lawn, but will not approach when you are there to help them.

Yet, if you take the food further away, behind shrubberies and in out-of-the-way corners of the grounds, the news

spreads wonderfully quickly that the almoner has been abroad, and your chopped up fat rolled in bread-crumbs and pieces of crust and maize are all gone when you next go out with a fresh supply. A clean-swept space on a frozen pond makes an excellent feeding ground; the food lies there conspicuous, and you can often get a good view of a strange visitor. In such a place I saw a spotted woodpecker swallowing fat-pills and helping itself about on the ice with both tail and wing. When rising off the snow, the woodpeckers strike the snow heavily with both wings; you can count the ten quill-marks with beautiful distinctness. And so, too, when flying down to settle on the snow, you can trace the long scrape, sometimes for a foot or more, of their eight or nine tail feathers.

If your gardener has any manure, or leaf-mould heaps that he can turn over, any collections of small wood for kindling that he can shift the position of, the starlings would be very grateful, and when they have finished with the insects will gladly empty egg-shells of any scraps and eat soaked dog-biscuits, which are filled with shredded meat.

Here, too, will come that dearest of birds, the wren. What a little Christian life it leads, the wee retiring bird, and I know nothing in all the story of the famine so pretty as the wren's bright carol of gladness for a meal enjoyed. Sometimes it stops eating to sing. This may be, it is true, only a war song, a challenge to some other wren that you cannot see, but that does not matter. The canticle is sweet and repays you for the other apparently ungrateful, and certainly unconfiding, birds.

Oddly enough too, that other saint-like little fowl, the hedge "sparrow," as it is so wrongly called, enchants you with snatches of song, feeble winter versions of spring melody, it is true, but very pretty, while it is all agog for battle. The pair that are feeding together—I know no other bird but the chaffinch that is so regularly seen all the year round in pairs—become aware by some bird's free-masonry of the approach of a third, and it is absurd to see how

the little wings twitch and the tall fans in and out, till all its feathers are in a nervous flurry, and then as soon as the stranger appears, down goes the head, and squeaking in a high key, the combatants tilt at one another. The robin, too, that "pious" bird, is very quarrelsome, and it exasperates one to watch him wasting the precious hours of food in hunting another hungry robin up and down, and round and round, till the sparrows have cleared the board. The blackbirds, too, are very annoying in the way that they snatch up a lump of bread and fly off with it, only to be chased about for the rest of the morning by other blackbirds, while a sparrow makes a square meal off the morsel fallen meanwhile under a shrub. But relentless as they are in pursuit, the curious fact is that they seldom fight. If the pursued turns, the pursuer stops, perks up his tail, and being promptly charged by the other, becomes in his turn the pursued. But woe to both when the missel-thrush comes. He is pitiless in pursuit, and I have seen them pass my window time after time in the course of a morning, the storm-cock hard on the "heels" of the blackbird. And when they overtake them what happens? For myself, as I have often said before, I believe the missel-thrush is a cannibal. At any rate, I attribute some of the dead blackbirds and thrushes that one finds about the grounds, to his cruel beak. He watches for birds for hours at a time like a bird of prey, and attacks them like one. I have often stopped a chase which I knew could only end one way.

When the missel-thrushes fight they lower their heads and utter sharp, mouse-like sounds and, inapplicable as the phrase may seem, look singularly snake-like. It is interesting to note the different expressions of anger among birds. Some I have already referred to. The great tit makes itself long and thin, raises some head feathers, and dashes with incredible élan at the foe. The marsh-tit ruffles up all the head and neck feathers till it looks as if some very little bird had borrowed a bigger bird's head. The robin merely flicks its

tail, droops its wings, and "clicks." The woodpecker, as I saw it on the ice, where it was at a disadvantage, drew back its head on to its back in a most surprising way, and erected all its crest-feathers, making itself really a fearsome and reptilian thing, as the starling, who had no malicious intentions, seemed to think, for it skipped off nimbly to one side with a "Bless my soul! who'd have thought it?" sort of expression that was very comic. So reader, though I was disappointed with the birds, and would have been glad if they would have trusted us all a little more, I was glad to see that not a scrap of food, wherever it might be put, was wasted.

And the rabbits? Basketfuls of apples, some beginning to "go," some "going," and some already "gone," were taken from the apple room, and the gardeners culled out all the "waste" from their store of potatoes and parsnip, carrot and turnips, and one particular place in the orchard was spread with Bunny's viands; and after the snow had lain a week you should have seen the place! It was trampled as hard as ice by the soft feet of the hungry folk; and in this way, with a single half-barrow load of mangolds, a compact was made with Brer Rabbit, that if he was fed in the orchard he should not feed himself in the kitchen garden, and Brer Rabbit faithfully kept the compact.

And there is one more last word that must be said for the sparrow—though the skies should crack our pates, let justice be done even to the sparrow—and that is this, that they are models of punctuality. Do you suppose you could keep a sparrow out of bed by asking him to sup with Lucullus? Try, and you will find an empty place at your table when you come to sit down. Nor Apician delicacies, nor Gargantuan feasts will keep "tschirp" up after sunset. It does not matter to him that there is no sun to set. If it has not set, it ought to have done so, and he is off "to bye-bye." Crumbs can now be thrown out fearlessly. For no other bird obeys Phœbus his routine, and then the feathered things whom the sparrow



has robbed and hustled all day triumph for a very brief space, while the sparrows are quarrelling for places in their evergreen dormitories. But soon they, too, go off. What mysterious mandate, unrecognizable by us, tells them that the "day" is done? The snow illuminates the scene, making a bright twilight of its own. But no. Nature has whispered, "It is time for bed, children," and away they go, some noisy, some quiet, and all your good things are left to be eaten in the morning.

PHIL ROBINSON.

---

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
LITERATURE AND MUSIC.

Mr. Ruskin has said that not to be able to sing should be accounted more disgraceful than not to be able to read or write. If he had said that every author who goes out of his way to deal with music and musical subjects should take some means to make himself acquainted with the technical details of the art, he would have said something more reasonable. One of our leading novelists has lately declared that he does not know one note from another, and what is more, that he cannot be taught. The frankness of the confession is commendable; and one can only regret that an equally modest avowal of ignorance, where ignorance exists, does not show itself more generally in a practical way. It used to be a crying complaint with Wagner that by nobody was he so completely misunderstood as by his literary admirers who wrote rhapsodies about his music. A glance through the fiction and general literature of the day would show that music, speaking broadly, fares as badly at the hands of our English writers as ever Wagner fared at the hands of his eulogists.

Nobody is to blame for being ignorant of the technicalities of an art which he has not learned; but everybody is to blame who wilfully writes

about what he does not understand. Law is recognized as a universal snare for the novelist, but music seems almost as dangerous as law. In their allusions to the musical art our novelists commit the most amazing blunders with the most serene conscience, blunders of which any schoolgirl would be ashamed, and from which no more trouble than is necessary to turn over the leaves of a dictionary of music might have saved them. One novelist, for example, makes his hero a soprano; another pictures a Scottish Highlander sitting on the roadside singing a Jacobite song and accompanying himself on the bagpipe. Mr. Marion Crawford has ascribed "La Favorita" to Verdi, a feat paralleled by Mr. Black in setting a lady down to a piano to play Beethoven's "Farewell," a composition unknown to that musician's many admirers. Mr. Black has again distinguished himself by describing one of his heroines as playing an unheard of and impossible sonata of Mozart's in A sharp major. One of the early popes stigmatized the innocent scale of C major as lascivious, and banished it from the music of the Church. One can understand Mr. Black's key of A sharp major being placed on the *index expurgatorius* of the musician, for the ten sharps which would be required to make up its signature would frighten a Diabolus among piano players. Even Charles Reade, who really did know something about music, at any rate about old violins, was on dangerous ground when he ventured on details of musical technique. In "Peg Woffington," for example, he makes the famous actress whistle a quick movement upon a huge paste ring, and then tells how Mr. Clobber was confounded by "this sparkling *adagio*." No wonder Mr. Clobber was confounded; a quick movement which is at the same time an *adagio* is enough to confound anybody. Nor are Englishmen the only offenders. Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables," has three violins and a flute playing some of Haydn's quartets at a wedding. The combination is curious enough in all



conscience, and certainly Haydn never wrote for any such quartet of instruments. Aristotle held that the moral effect of a flute is bad and exciting; what it might be when combined with three violins we can only guess.

These examples might be multiplied a hundredfold, but they are not the proper business of this paper, which is really to consider the attitude of some of our leading authors towards music, their knowledge of it, their tastes, whims, antipathies. Alphonse Daudet has told us that, generally speaking, literary people have a horror of music. There seems to be no good reason why they should, unless the music comes from the street or from their next door neighbor, in which case they may be excused for sharing the opinion of Gautier that music makes the most disagreeable of noises. It is true that in certain circumstances there may be grounds for some variance between music and letters, between Hortensio the musician and Lucentio the philosopher. Hortensio wanted to put his fiddle first and the lecture afterwards; Lucentio desired to have the harmony only between the pauses of his reading. If one could have the music always at the pauses there might be less objection to it on the part of literary workers; but unhappily the conditions of modern life seldom permit of such a nice arrangement, and too often divine Cecilia comes, not to soothe the savage breast, but to incite it to further deeds of savagery. However, that again is not our story now.

Probably no celebrated writer has shown a more intelligent interest in music than De Quincey, notwithstanding that he has made several curious slips in the course of his various incursions on the subject. In his childhood he was well acquainted with the old English glees and madrigals, with the concertos of Corelli, and with a few selections from Jomelli and Cimarosa which far more profoundly affected him. In his autobiography he tells us that he had long been familiar with Handel through the famous chorus-singers of Lancashire, who continually

brought forward at the churches the most effective parts from his chief oratorios. Mozart was yet to come, for, except perhaps at the Opera in London, his music even at this time was most imperfectly known in England. But De Quincey's favorite seems to have been Cherubini, that dreary old pedant who for so many years ruled the destinies of the Paris Conservatoire. Guardian B., it will be remembered, had a horse which the music of the French master irritated to madness, and which, if anybody then mounted him, would seek relief to his wounded feelings in kicking violently for an hour. The effect on De Quincey was totally different when, at the house of this same guardian, he heard a long canon of Cherubini's. "It was sung by four male voices, and rose into a region of thrilling passion, such as my heart had always dimly craved and hungered after, but which now first interpreted itself as a physical possibility to my ear." And yet who thinks of listening to Cherubini in these days? De Quincey would have had scant respect for the musical sympathies of Scott and Burns in their circumscribed liking for the national airs of their country. A song, an air, a tune,—how, he exclaims, could that by possibility offer a field of compass sufficient for the development of great musical effects? A hunting-box and a park-lodge may have a forest grace and the beauty of appropriateness; but what if a man should match such a bauble against the Pantheon, or against the ministers of York and Strasburg? In short, the conclusion of De Quincey is this, that the man who finds the maximum of his musical gratification in a song may be assured, by this one fact, that his sensibility is rude and undeveloped. Yet exactly upon this level was the ordinary state of musical feeling throughout England at that time.

De Quincey's own tastes in music were at any rate sufficiently catholic. In "The Confessions of an Opium Eater" he tells of his going to the Italian Opera to hear Grassini when choke-full of laudanum; and he used to

say, during his last years in Edinburgh, that if ever again he visited the metropolis he hoped to renew a practical acquaintance with the opera. The "clamorous instruments and the tyranny of the violins" in most orchestras he did not like, but the orchestra at the opera was distinguished "by its sweet and melodious grandeur" from all English orchestras. In these days most people would not mind the tyranny of the violins if only the clamorous instruments could be silenced. There is a very interesting account of De Quincey's musical leanings from the pen of the Reverend Francis Jacox in Dr. Japp's "Life." "Fond as he was of music," says Mr. Jacox, speaking of the time at Lasswade, "he was not often in the room while the two younger of his daughters sang or played during my stay, but he was a good listener for all that in his den down-stairs, and would comment upon his favorites among their pieces when he joined us. Devout was his reverence for Beethoven. Mendelssohn he had not as yet come really to admire; not even the 'Songs without Words' seemed to come home to his heart. Bellini was so far a favorite with him that he often asked his daughters, Florence and Emily, to give him the well-worn 'Deh Conte,' nor would he tire of gems from 'Don Giovanni,' or of 'Questo simplice,' or of such time-tried strains as 'Time hath not turned,' 'Oh lovely peace,' 'By limpid streams,' etc."

That De Quincey had not come to admire Mendelssohn we may readily believe, not only from the unsympathetic way in which he has dealt with that composer's music, but from the various errors into which he has fallen regarding both it and the master himself. It was perhaps a small matter that he should attribute the oratorio of "Saint Paul" to Spohr; but how are we to excuse him for making Mendelssohn a worshipper in the synagogue, and mistaking his grandfather, the famous philosopher, for his father? After this, the admirers of Mendelssohn are not likely to be greatly dis-

turbed by De Quincey's assertion that the music to "Antigone" was horribly bad, and that in any revival of the play the chorus had better sing the hundredth psalm. Nor are these his only blunders. We have seen how he admired Beethoven; what does he mean by this? "Let," he says, "any person of musical sensibility listen to the exquisite music composed by Beethoven as an opening for Bürger's "Leonore," the running idea of which is the triumphal return of a crusading host, decorated with laurels and with palms, within the gates of their native city, and say whether the presiding feeling in the midst of this tumultuous festivity be not, by infinite degrees, transcendent to anything so vulgar as hilarity." De Quincey was an adept at reading pictures into music,—witness his fine description of the opening of Handel's Coronation Anthem in "The Confessions of an Opium Eater"—and it is therefore to be regretted that one cannot make out to what work of Beethoven's he refers in this quotation. The only "Leonore" by Beethoven, except the music to "Fidelio" with the "Leonore" overtures, is the music to Dunker's drama, "Leonore Prohaska," for which no overture seems to have been written, and which, in any case, was not published in De Quincey's time. Beethoven certainly had nothing to do with Bürger's "Leonore." It is evidently another instance of De Quincey's inaccuracy in details; but he must have had some work of Beethoven's in his mind, and it would be interesting to know what it was.

Doctor Johnson's views on music are tolerably well known. Of musicians as a class he seems to have thought as little as he thought of actors, though he never went so far as Carlyle in describing them as "a sort of windbaggy people." The pursuit of music, according to his idea, was "a method of employing the mind without the labor of thinking at all, and with some applause from a man's self." Yet he was willing to admit that the practice of music in certain of its departments in-

volved something quite as arduous in its way as the labor of thinking. The playing of the fiddle, for example, he held to be an exceptionally meritorious performance. In all other things we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron if you give him a hammer, not so well as a smith certainly, but still tolerably. A man will saw a piece of wood and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddle-stick, and he can do nothing. Whether Johnson himself had ever tried the fiddle, it is impossible to say. He admitted to Boswell that he once bought a flageolet, but never made out a tune, which was perhaps just as well, in view of his statement that, "If he had learned music he should have been afraid he would have done nothing else but play." As a matter of fact Johnson had no musical sense whatever; and as for his knowledge of the art, we have the assurance of Boswell that this extended no further than being able to tell a drum from a trumpet and a bagpipe from a guitar. It is true we have the statement of Burney, the historian of music, that Johnson, not six months before his death, had asked to be taught "at least the alphabet of your language." But neither Burney nor any one else could have made anything of the man who had declared that music excited in his mind no ideas, and hindered him from contemplating his own. Even the one partiality of Johnson is almost an argument against his musical taste; for the man who proclaims his fondness for the bagpipe and makes a habit of standing with his ear close to the great drone must be hopeless in a musical sense. Sydney Smith thought one might as well speak of playing on an iron foundry as of playing on the bagpipe, and Leigh Hunt's idea of martyrdom was to be tied to a stake within a hundred yards of a stout-lunged piper. Yet Johnson could take the warlike instrument close to his ear without wincing. "I told him," said Boswell on one occasion, "that it [music] affected me to such a degree as often to agitate my nerves

painfully, producing in my mind alternate sensations of pathetic dejection, so that I was ready to shed tears, and of daring resolution, so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle." "Sir," was the answer, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool."

Goethe seems to have been as little qualified for music as Johnson, but he, too, had some desire to acquire the new sense. Every morning in the autumn of 1830 he had a music lesson of an advanced kind from Mendelssohn. The composer would play to him for an hour pieces by all the great masters in chronological order, and then explain what each master had done to further the art. All the time, as we read, he would sit in a dark corner, like a Jupiter Tonans, with his old eyes flashing fire. At first he would not venture on Beethoven at all. But when Mendelssohn declared he could not help it, and played the first movement of the *Minor Symphony*, he remarked: "That causes no emotion; it is only astonishing and grandiose;" and then, again, after muttering away to himself, he observed: "That is very grand, quite wild, enough to bring the house about one's ears; and what must it be when all the people [that is, the full orchestra] are playing it at once." Here was quite a new style of criticism. In truth Goethe ought to have been more musical than he was, for his intimate relations with Zelter, a professional musician of some note, brought him into frequent contact with the art. At the most, however, he was interested only in the scientific and philosophical side of music, and had nothing of that passion for it which he had for painting and plastic art. In his old age he seems to have lost any regard for it which he may at one time have had; "Music," he wrote to Zelter, "which is your life, is almost completely vanishing from my unpractical sense." The position of Goethe's great disciple, Carlyle, was pretty much the same. One can hardly imagine Carlyle sitting out a concert with patience, and we know how he used to deal with the organ-

grinders. Yet he has written about music sympathetically enough in one or two places. In his "Heroes and Hero-Worship," for example, he says: "The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that." Perhaps nothing finer than this was ever said about music, but we are not necessarily to take it as Carlyle's own personal feeling. He, at any rate, had nothing of the enthusiasm for music which was entertained by that other master of his, Jean Paul Richter, who, indeed, wrote about it as but few other men have written. After he became blind it was his greatest source of comfort. Schumann revered him and averred that he learned more from him than from his music-master. It is said that before he met Clara Wieck, the composer was engaged to a lady whom he discarded because her enthusiasm for Jean Paul was not red-hot like his own; but that story is at least doubtful.

Scott's musical qualifications, or rather his lack of them, are set forth in no uncertain manner in his fragment of autobiography. His mother was anxious that all her children should at least learn psalmody, but the incurable defects of young Walter's voice and ear soon drove the teacher to despair. The good man would never allow that his pupil was in the same position as Ella with regard to a musical ear, but contended that if Scott did not understand music it was because he did not choose to learn it. This view of the question is, however, rather shaken by the story told of Lady Cumming, one of Mr. Scott's neighbors in George's Square. When the music-master was attending his pupils, Lady Cumming sent to beg that the boys might not all be flogged precisely at the same hour, as, though she had no doubt the punishment was deserved, the noise of the concord was really dreadful. If Landor had only known this it might have saved him

from making the foolish assertion, afterwards ridiculed by Lockhart, that Scott had composed and sung a certain triumphal song. Scott never sang a song in his life, says Lockhart, and nobody has ever wished to gainsay him.

But although Scott was thus totally deficient in the matter of voice and ear, he was not without some taste in music. Like Mackenzie's Montauban he had a keen relish for the songs of his native land, because in them there was a simplicity and an expression which he could understand. Few things, he has himself said, delighted him more than a simple tune sung with feeling, notwithstanding that even this pitch of musical taste had only been gained by attention and habit, and, as it were, by his feeling of the words being associated with the tune. "I cannot bear," he wrote, "to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a pianoforte or a bugle-horn." He liked to hear his daughters sing an old song, or one of his own lyrics; but, as Lockhart tells us, if the singer appeared to feel the spirit of her ballad, he was not at all critical of the technical execution. He followed the ancient melodies which Mrs. Lockhart sang to her harp, almost, in Mr. Adolphus's words, as if joining in an act of religion. To other musical performers he was a dutiful and sometimes a pleased listener. He speaks in his diary of having enjoyed the splendid treat of hearing Mrs. Arkwright sing her own music: "No forced vagaries of the voice, no caprices of tone, but all telling upon and increasing the feeling the words require. This is 'marrying music to immortal verse.' Most people place them on separate maintenance." Classical and mere abstract music always failed to appeal to him. When some young ladies give him pretty music of this kind he has nothing to say for it, except to declare again that he does not know and cannot utter a note, and that complicated harmonies are to him but a battle of confused though pleasing

sounds. He repeats, with evident glee, the story of Mozart dissuading Michael Kelly from devoting himself to the dry and abstract study of counterpoint to the neglect of melody. For his own part, as he admits in the *Quarterly Review*, whenever detected, in spite of his snuff-box, with closed eyes during some piece of abstruse harmony he renounced his former apologies, and boldly avowed, with Congreve's Jeremy, that although he had a reasonable ear for a jig, your cantatas gave him the spleen. The psalmody which he could not perform himself, he liked to hear others perform; only, if it was Scotch psalmody he thought it best to have it, as one should have the bagpipe, at a distance: "The grunt and the snivel and the whine and the scream should all be blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the Æolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of our Maker."

There is a curious story, told by Scott himself, which shows that if, like Johnson, he could make nothing of the violin practically, he was not altogether unsuccessful theoretically. Being engaged in a legal case where the purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed upon as to its value, Scott found it necessary to prepare himself by reading everything about fiddles that he could lay his hands on; and having got the name of Stradivarius, Amati, and other noted makers glibly on his tongue, he went swimmingly through his case. Not long after this he was dining with the Duke of Hamilton, who had only two subjects upon which he could talk, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting Scott somewhat rashly brought forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles. The duke grew quite animated, and presently a whisper to the butler ushered in half-a-dozen tall footmen, each bearing a fiddle case. Scott found his knowledge brought to no less trying a test than that of telling by the tone of each fiddle, as the duke played it, by what artist it was made. "By guessing and management," says he, "I got on pretty well till we were, to

my great relief, summoned to coffee." The expert in violins has often been set down as an impostor, but probably few of Scott's readers have thought of him as figuring in that character!

Burns's tastes in music were pretty much those of Scott. Moore's dogmatic assertion that he was wholly unskilled in music is not true. He certainly had an ear for music; and if we are to believe his sister, Mrs. Begg, he could read quite readily from notation. It is true we have his own declaration to George Thomson that his pretensions to musical taste were "merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art." Many musical compositions, "particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint," affected his ear no otherwise than such things affected the ear of John Stirling; they were merely "melodious din." But then he made amends, in the way that Scott did, by admiring what the connoisseurs decried; in other words, by finding his delight in the "little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid." And these little melodies he turned to his own use in a method by which the whole body of national song was improved and extended. He has explicitly told us that he laid it down as a rule from his earliest efforts at song-writing to hum some old melody over and over again till he caught the inspiration, so that the words came spontaneously. He never sat down to the composition of a lyric without first crooning the air to himself in order to kindle his emotion and regulate the rhythm of his verse; and when now and again the words are faulty, we may be pretty safe in concluding that he had not quite mastered the tune. Very often, as we know, he sought extraneous aid to help him in this way. Sometimes he would get an old woman to sing over the melody to him; sometimes his own wife would sing it; and sometimes, like the Ettrick Shepherd, he would scrape it on a fiddle for himself.

That Burns played the violin is a fact which is not generally known. He avows it in a letter to Kirkpatrick



Sharpe of Hoddam, where he calls himself "a fiddler and a poet;" and Mrs. Begg assures us that he played a good deal, although he was, she adds, no great proficient. He seems to have taken up the instrument first in the summer of 1781, and to have continued its practice more or less systematically for a twelvemonth. Mrs. Begg's statement is that he "used to play in the summer when they took shelter from the rain, and in winter he used to rise early in the mornings and play away for the amusement of those in bed." There is some reason to suspect that those in bed were not altogether appreciative, for Mrs. Begg adds: "So that could not be borne forever, and speedily came to an end." Generally speaking Burns played by ear, but sometimes he had the music before him. He showed a decided preference for slow and pathetic airs, but he was also fond of lively Strathspey tunes, as of course the author of "Tam o' Shanter" could hardly fail to be. Once indeed Burns even tried his hand at musical composition. In his first *Common-Place Book*, referring to two fragments written when he was twenty-four, he records that he "set about composing an air in the old Scotch style." "Unfortunately," he continues, "I am not scholar enough to prick down my tune properly, so it can never see the light, but these were the verses I composed to suit it." He then quotes the three stanzas beginning, "O raging fortune's withering blasts!" and adds: "The tune consisted of three parts, so that the above verses just went through the whole air." What a pity it is that Burns was not scholar enough to prick down his tune!

About the musical capacities of Charles Lamb, all the world has heard from the famous "Chapter on Ears," surely one of his masterpieces. Poor Elia's knowledge of the art was much like that of the man who declared that he knew only two tunes; one was "God save the Queen," and the other was not. Coleridge was in the same unfortunate position so far as regards the possession of an ear. But an ear for

music, as indeed he himself has remarked, is a very different thing from a taste for music. Coleridge lacked the one, but he possessed the other. "I have," he says, "no ear whatever. I could not sing an air to save my life, but I have the intensest delight in music and can detect good from bad." He goes on to tell how Naldi, a "good fellow," remarked to him at a concert that he did not seem much interested in a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. "I said it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed." Coleridge seems to have been a great admirer of Beethoven. He is said to have been once taken to hear the *Eroica* Symphony at the Philharmonic Concerts and to have remarked to his friend that it was like a funeral procession in deep purple,—not at all an inadequate description, at any rate of the first portion. Hayward tells us that the year before his death the poet expressed a wish to see an Italian opera. His nephew (Henry Nelson) and Hayward engaged a box and accompanied him. He watched the action with interest, and was pleased with the general effect, but confessed that the music gave him no pleasure. We should have been told the name of the composer, in order to have further established the claim of Coleridge to distinguish between the good and the bad. At any rate he behaved better than James Hogg in similar circumstances. Hogg could hardly be kept awake at the Opera, and when he did give his attention to any part of the performance, his eyes were observed to be fixed on Costa, the conductor. Indeed, his curiosity was entirely centred on the man with the baton, and at length he exclaimed: "Wha, and what the deil's that fellow that keeps waggin' the stick?" The simple shepherd had no idea of marking time in that way. Hogg indeed seems to have been much of Carlyle's mind, who in his praise of music did not include the Opera. That he thought "an open Bedlamite," divorced from sense and the reality of things.



"Behind its Glitter," he wrote in a tremendous burst of capital letters, "stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too, I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eye-socket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the throne of truth, but too truly down towards falsity, vacuity, and the dwelling-place of everlasting despair." After this one feels that there is really nothing more to be said.

---

From Good Words.

CLEMATIS.

(FROM THE CHINESE.)

PART I.

"Well, I wish that that light yonder may mark an inn."

"It looks as though it came from a temple, and, if so, at least we shall find food and shelter; for where there are priests there is never any lack."

The first speaker was a young man possessing the refined features of a scholar, and his companion was evidently his valet. The time was evening, and, so far as the eye could reach, there stretched before the travellers a wide expanse of rice-fields, broken only by clumps of trees, from one of which proceeded the light which raised their hopes. Nor were their hopes destined to be disappointed, for in a few minutes the two men drew rein at the gate of a temple of Kwanyin. In response to their summons the door was opened by a priest, who inquired what might be their will.

"We are on our way to Koyung," answered the master, "and, having been overtaken by the night, would ask you to give us shelter under your honorable roof."

"Pray enter," said the priest, "and if you will deign to lodge in our guest chamber it is at your service."

The travellers needed no further bidding, and in a short space of time a supper, which fully justified the prophetic vision of the valet, was set before

them. So soon as their hunger was appeased, the priest appeared, and, at the invitation of the master, seated himself in the place of honor on his left hand.

"What may be your honorable surname?" he inquired.

"My despicable surname," replied his guest, "is Su. But may I ask how it came about that there should be so fine a temple in so very rural a neighborhood as this?"

"This temple was built by a certain Mr. Pal, who, after resigning office, sought retirement at Kinshi, about three miles from this. He dedicated this temple to Kwanyin in the hope that the goddess might grant a son, for as yet he was childless."

"And did he gain his desire?"

"Not entirely. But in the following year his wife presented him with a daughter."

"Not entirely, certainly," laughed Su. "Why, ten daughters if put into the balance with a son would kick the beam."

"Let your excellency remember," said the priest, "that there are daughters and daughters. Miss Clematis, for that is the name of the young lady in question, is a perfect paragon. Her beauty is so exquisite that it is enough 'to attract fishes from the depth of the river and to draw storks from the sky.' Then she is as learned as she is beautiful. Her poetry equals that of *Le Taipoh*,<sup>1</sup> and her essays are masterpieces."

This description converted Su's sneering attitude into one of unaffected admiration and longing.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that so gifted a lady is still unwed?"

"That is one of the peculiarities of the position," said the priest. "Both Clematis and her father have declared that he alone would be accepted as her suitor who commends himself by a poetic talent. Scarcely a day passes but an aspirant presents himself and up till now no one has succeeded in reaching the required level."

This description so excited Su's

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated poet of the T'ang Dynasty A.D. 618-905.

imagination that he found himself unable to discuss any other subject, and when he retired to his room the same cause made sleep impossible. After tossing about for some time he arose from his bed, and passed out through the gate of the temple. It was the fourteenth night, and the full moon was shedding its soft rays over the scene, including a pretty piece of planting which seemed to indicate the existence of pleasure grounds. In his restless mood Su strolled in this direction and soon found himself in the neighborhood of a summer house, from which voices proceeded. Concealing himself in the shadow of sheltering trees he crept up, and saw by the light of lamps which illumined the pavilion two young men engaged in verse-making. One, who was robed in white, was at the moment gazing abstractedly at the ceiling, while his fingers held a motionless pencil.

"My elder brother," said his companion, "seems to be in difficulties. I suppose he find it hard to get the appropriate rhymes."

"No, it is not that which troubles me. My *ideas* will not come."

The first speaker glanced at his puzzled friend with an air of triumph, and then turned again to his paper. In a few minutes he threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming: "Well, at all events, I have finished my copy."

"Ah, Chang," said his companion, "you, I feel sure, are the destined winner of the incomparable prize. Let me hear the gifted outpourings of your pencil."

Nothing loth Chang responded to the invitation, and read as follows:—

When first the willows feel the breath of spring,

Branch, twig and bud stretch forth to meet the breeze,

Like green plants hung aloft on topmost boughs,

Or silken threads entwined on lofty trees,

The fisher joys when fishes take his hook,

The groom laments his horse's lazy gait,

A time comes when the tree's no longer good  
For aught but fuel for the household grate.

"Capital," exclaimed Wang. "Your diction is as brilliant as your ideas are happily expressed."

This was too much for Su, who had listened with ill-suppressed amusement to the unscholarly lines of the poem. The absurd terms of adulation applied to them by Wang were more than he could stand, and he broke out into a peal of loud laughter. At so unexpected a sound the two students sprang to their feet, and cried with trembling voices:—

"Who dares to break in on our studies with this unseemly laughter?"

"I have, gentlemen, been guilty of a great piece of rudeness," said Su, advancing, "and I pray you to forgive me. I heard you speaking of poetry, and as the subject has an overpowering attraction for me, I drew near and was privileged to listen to the piece which has just been read."

Seeing that Su had the appearance of a scholar, Chang, who played the part of host, invited him to join them in verse-making.

"My talents are insignificant," said Su, "but if I heard aright you are celebrating in your verses the beauties of the willow when first bursting into leaf."

"That is our endeavor," said Chang, "and our task is the more difficult since we are called upon to write a companion poem to a piece of rare excellence. The poet, or rather the poetess," continued Chang, "for she is a young lady, is the motherless daughter of his Excellency Pai, who, while lately visiting the neighboring temple, was so struck with the beauty of the willows which surround it that she extemporized an ode, and vowed on the spot that she would marry only the man who could write a poem of equal merit on the same subject."

"May I look at this wonderful ode?" asked Su.

"Here it is," replied Chang, as he handed him a sheet of embroidered paper on which was stamped a representation of two young ladies standing hand in hand watching a pair of swallows hovering over a plum-tree in full bloom, and over which idyllic scene were traced in a scholarly hand the

lines in question. Su took the paper and as he read its contents his face assumed an aspect of rapturous astonishment.

"The lines are exquisite," he said. "No wonder my honorable brothers find a congenial task in trying to win this gifted young lady."

"Well, you have heard my attempt," said Chang. "Let us now see what pearls will flow from your pencil, lofty sir."

Wine and love inspiring Su's imagination, he wrote off the following ode without apparent thought:—

Fed by the jocund air and genial rain  
The buds to tender shoots give gentle birth,  
Whose haze-enshrouded beauty wraps my soul,  
As light their trembling shade falls o'er the earth.  
Their pendant boughs appear to mourn and weep,  
That frost and snow should ever steel the heart,  
If yonder bird divines my inmost soul  
Let him to it adjudge the willow's part.

The beauty of these lines was too obvious to make it necessary for the two friends to affect admiration, and they broke out into loud expressions of applause, during the utterance of which Su threw off another equally brilliant ode.

"And now," he said, "it is the turn of our elder brother, Wang."

"I am not in the humor for verse-making to-night," said that young gentleman. "I will produce my ode in the morning, and then we will present our poems at his excellency's house."

The three scholars were early astir, but their waking thoughts were by no means identical. Chang felt in the sober morning light that his chances of winning the prize had rather diminished since the appearance in the field of this new competitor, and he hurried to Wang's room to talk matters over.

"We made a mistake," said he, "in telling Mr. Su anything about Clematis, and now the best way out of the difficulty is for you to appropriate his ode and to pass yours off as his."

"How is that to be done?"

"You must copy one of the two odes which he wrote last night and sign it with your name, while I will copy out your ode and sign it with his name. The rest leave to me."

"Very well," said Chang. "let us set to work at once." And in less than an hour Wang had taken his leave with the two odes in his pocket. Before noon he returned, and after greeting Su, explained:—

"I have resigned the contest. In the presence of such dragons of learning as my exalted elder brothers, it would be useless for me to compete. So now copy out your poems of last night, and we will carry them to the house which shelters the beauteous form of the adorable Clematis."

With genuine eagerness on the part of Su, and affected eagerness on the part of Chang, the two took their pencils, and after having completed their tasks declared themselves ready to set out. On arriving at Pal's lordly portal, the menshang (porter), in reply to the visitors' enquiries, reported that his Excellency was out, adding, however, that if the gentlemen had anything to leave he would take care that it was safely delivered into the hands of his master as soon as he came home. As there was nothing else to be done, Chang and Su left their poems, giving the man strict injunctions to convey them carefully to his Excellency.

The cavalcade had no sooner turned homewards than the porter threw the packets just left into the kitchen fire, and having donned his official cap and coat, took the odes which had been left with him in the morning by Wang, accompanied by a bribe, and went to his master's study, the "Pavilion of Dreamy Carelessness." As he entered the pavilion, Pal was in the act of replacing on its shelf a volume of Confucius's "Spring and Autumn Annals," which fascinating work had held him entranced for the last couple of hours. With every token of respect the porter handed the packets to his master. Pal's figure was commanding. In height he was considerably above the average,

and his finely cut features and lofty brow gave him an air of intellectual superiority. His dress was handsome, and a glance at his hands showed that he belonged to the scholarly class. His nails extended at least an inch beyond his fingers, and on his right thumb he wore a broad ring of apple-green jade.

"These papers, sir," said the porter, "were left by two young gentlemen this morning, with a message to say that they hoped your Excellency would deign to cast a glance upon them."

With something like an air of weariness, Pai took the envelopes, and chanced to open first the paper signed "Su." As he read, a look of surprise and amusement came over his features.

"What impudence," he cried, "to send me such despicable trash. This man Su must think that I am as great a fool as he is. I hope that the second one will be something better."

It needed no keen observer to see that such was the case. Astonishment and pleasure were plainly indicated by the sparkle of his eye, and the recovered stillness of his attitude. Twice he read through the lines, and then merely looked over the top of the paper to bid a servant ask Clematis to come at once to him. The summons was so urgent that Clematis threw down at the instant her embroidery, although she was in the act of putting the finishing stitch to one of the antennae of a brilliant butterfly which was destined to hover forever over an amaranthus bloom. With haste she hurried to the pavilion, and stood before her father panting with the exertion of having walked quickly on feet which were never intended to do more than potter leisurely. The exercise had heightened her color, and as she advanced to her father he may well be forgiven for regarding her with loving admiration. Her features were exquisitely beautiful. Her brow was broad and well-formed, her long almond-shaped eyes sparkled with intelligence, her nose was straight, and her mouth and chin were prettily shaped. In figure she was slight, and

though, as has been indicated, her feet were infinitesimally small she stood poised upon them with grace, and as upright as a dart.

"At last," said Pai, still holding the paper which had claimed his admiration, "I have found a husband worthy of you. Read these lines and tell me if you do not think that every word is instinct with poetic genius."

Clematis took the paper, and seating herself on a porcelain stool at her father's side, read and re-read the ode.

"I quite agree with you, father, that the lines are perfect. The only fault I have to find," she added hesitatingly, "is with the penmanship. I should have expected so profound a scholar to have written like a scholar, but there is an uncouthness about the characters such as one is accustomed to see only in the script of half-educated people."

"I confess that I had mentally made the same observation when I first saw the paper. I have no doubt, however, that the discrepancy is capable of some explanation; and in order to set all uncertainty at rest I propose to ask Chang to call upon me, when I will test his powers further, and will satisfy myself as to his appearance and bearing. But before you go you must really read this other ode by one Su, which was brought me at the same time as Chang's gem. Anything more absurd I have never read."

With unconcealed mirth Clematis read through the eight lines bearing the signature "Su."

"Well, at all events, father, you need not send for this gentleman, for rather than marry him I would drown myself in the nearest well."

"Pray do," said her father, laughing, "if ever I ask you to become his wife."

Meanwhile, the three associates returned to Chang's garden, where they spent the rest of the day. Towards evening, Su returned to the Temple of Kwanyin, and after a restless night rose early, fully expecting to be invited to call upon Pai. To his surprise and vexation, however, the invitation came to Chang.

"Surely you must have also brought

an invitation to Mr. Su?" said Chang, affecting a modest astonishment.

"No," replied the porter, "you alone were invited. I asked master whether I was to invite Mr. Su, and he replied: 'Certainly not.'"

Having mounted his horse, Chang in obedience to the summons rode off to Pal's house, followed by the porter. On arriving at his destination, Pal hurried forward to greet his guest. He entered the hall with an expression of expectant pleasure on his features which, however, rapidly faded away when he came face to face with his visitor. He had imagined that the writer of the lines he had admired would have been in manner and in appearance such a man as himself. But he was grievously disappointed. Instead of an ideal scholar, he saw before him a man of mean and plebeian exterior. An awkward figure, a low, cunning stamp of face, small eyes and coarse eyebrows completed the outward semblance of a man as little like a poet as it was possible to imagine. A sense of suspicion shot through Pal's mind, but he made up his mind to be civil to his guest, at least for the present.

Chang, on the other hand, was profuse in his bows, and only seated himself after having repeatedly refused the place of honor which his host quietly insisted on his taking.

"I read yesterday with infinite pleasure," said Pal, "the gemlike ode which you deigned to send me."

"My powers are insignificant," replied Chang, "and I can only wonder at my audacity in submitting the mean scratchings of my pencil to your Excellency's lofty glance."

After some conversation, Pal invited his guest to partake of tea, and as they pushed aside their cups he begged him to give him a further specimen of his poetic talent. If a bolt had fallen from heaven Chang could not have been more disturbed than he was by this proposition. He had hoped that by keeping up a brisk conversation he would have avoided any such catastrophe. For some moments he sat with

open mouth unable to utter a word. At last he stammered out:—

"How dare a poor woodman like myself venture to wield an axe in the presence of the prince of carpenters?"

"Writing verses must be a familiar occupation to so brilliant a poet as yourself. So deign, I pray you, to give me another example of your rare ability."

Chang's heart throbbed, and his cheeks burned at the prospect which stood before him.

"Let me venture," he began in despair, "to ask you, sir, to name the theme, and I will then beg your advice to guide my mean talents."

"There could not be a better subject than that on which you composed those jadelike lines yesterday, 'The Budding Willows.'"

The choice of his subject came like sunshine after a storm to Chang, who had taken the precaution to learn by heart the second piece which Su had written the day before.

"If your Excellency pleases," he said, as with returning confidence he assumed the air of a scholar. With a knitted brow he gazed at the roof of the study for a moment or two, then nodded his head as though he had arranged the train of his ideas, and forthwith transcribed Su's ode with a pencil, running over the paper like a swift bark on a flowing stream. Having finished the copy, he handed the paper respectfully to Pal, who read it carefully.

"Superb," he said. "This second piece excels, in my opinion, the poem you left with me yesterday."

Having thus expressed himself, Pal, unperceived by his guest, handed the ode to a servant, with directions to take it to Clematis. He then rose, and invited Chang to partake of wine with him in the pavilion in the garden. But Chang's impulse was to leave at once before any chance should compel him to show "the horse's hoof," and on the first opportunity, therefore, he took his leave.

Early in the afternoon Clematis's maid, Primrose, who was so named from the fact that those flowers were just bursting into bloom at the time of

her birth, had announced to her mistress the arrival of Chang.

"I thought that we should have a visitor to-day," Clematis said, "for a strange cat came into my room last night."

"I never knew that omen fail," said Primrose.

"The visitor you announce," said Clematis, "must be the writer of those beautiful lines on the budding willows. I should much like to know what manner of man he is, so go unperceived to the neighborhood of your master's study, and bring me word about him."

Nothing loth, Primrose set off and succeeded, unseen by Chang, in getting a full view of that shifty gentleman. Her report was not favorable.

"He is common looking and ugly," she said; "he has the appearance of a servant, and is so dirty that a fall into the Yellow River would not clean him."

"Has my father set him to make verses?"

"Yes, and he wrote them off without hesitation. Here they are," she said, producing the paper given her by Pai's valet.

"How is it," said Clematis, after reading the ode. "that this man's appearance so entirely belies his transcendent abilities? It may be, however, that his talent is as a pearl wrapped up in straw."

"If I were you, miss," said Primrose, "I should like to see a glimmer of the pearl through the straw. I cannot help feeling that there is something wrong about it all."

"How can there be any deception when my father saw him write the lines?"

"If you had seen his crafty look, which was more like that of a rat caught in a trap than anything else, you would think as I do. There is no truth in the man, and I am quite sure that as the saying is, 'Where he treads the grass won't grow.'"

Primrose's retort harmonized so entirely with the very uncultured handwriting of the poet that Clematis became more and more doubtful of his real scholarship.

"How unfortunate I am," she said. "For years my father and I have been looking out for a ripe scholar to be my husband, and yesterday we thought that we had found one. And now—"

"You are beautiful and accomplished," replied Primrose. "Why should you be in such a hurry? Remember that 'the maid that waits for marrying will be happier far for tarrying' (lit. The maid who delays her marriage will in the end be fortunate).

She had scarcely finished speaking when Pai entered.

"Have you read," he asked, "Chang's second ode? The ease with which he wrote off those exquisite lines in my presence to-day has fully convinced me that he is a genuine poet."

"As to his ability there can be no doubt. But does his appearance tally with his genius?"

"No, strange to say, it does not. But my only fear is lest, having met with such a brilliant scholar, we should lose him. However, I will invite him to become domestic tutor to that graceless nephew of mine, and then we shall be able to try his metal."

"That would be an excellent plan," said Clematis, "and if he is a true man he won't shirk the ordeal. Pure gold does not fear the melting pot."

Meanwhile Chang returned elated with his success to his friend Wang, who congratulated him on his good fortune.

"I can't help feeling, however," said Chang, "that I am playing a dangerous game. I have won so far, but who can tell whether I may not some time or other be called upon to write on the spur of the moment; and then?"

"And then," said Wang, "you must manage to avoid this emergency. Your luck has been so good that it is not likely to desert you now. Besides, if I were you I should manage to keep Su here for a time, so as to have some one to fall back upon."

"You are right," said Chang. "I will invite him to stay with me."

In fulfilment of this scheme, Chang paid Su an early visit, and had no difficulty in inducing him to return with



him to his garden. Possessed with the idea that there had been some mistake on the part of Pai, Su was unwilling to leave the neighborhood; and though he had no fellowship with Chang, he regarded him as a kind of link with the object of his mental admiration. Breakfast was served on their arrival, and the three young men were enjoying that meal, and especially some sharks' fins with crab sauce, on which Chang's cook prided himself, when a servant entered the pavilion, and announced the arrival of a messenger from Pai, bringing an invitation to Chang to accept the post of tutor to his nephew. Chang was a good deal taken aback by the proposal. But vanity, which was a prominent feature in his character, prompted him to send an acceptance, which he did, coupling it with a condition that he should have a private study where he might read and write undisturbed.

This request added to the pleasure with which Pai heard of the acceptance of his invitation, and he at once gave orders to prepare a pavilion in the gardens for his reception. This having been done, and a lucky day having been chosen, he invited Chang to take possession. That young gentleman was no sooner ensconced than he assumed the air and graces of an earnest student. He was never without a book in his hand, and on the approach of any one, he would mutter to himself, as though he were conning a page, and sometimes smile as if pleased with the passage he was reading. Happily for himself his pupil had as little taste for books as he had, and many were the holidays the young scapegrace enjoyed while Pai believed that he was studying the "Sayings of Mencius," under the guidance of his tutor. These idiosyncrasies did not go entirely unnoticed. There were several of the servants who recognized that Chang was not as other tutors were. But by a judicious use of hush-money and by genuine good humor he won such over to his side.

Unaware of these enemies within his own household, Pai was one day admiring with Clematis a red-blossomed pear-tree, which with prodigious pro-

fusion was throwing a crimson light over the front of his favorite study, when he said, "To-morrow I will have a repast here, to which I will invite Chang, and he shall write me a song on this glorious bloom. In this way I shall again test his poetic powers."

Taking the first opportunity, a servant reported to Chang Pai's amiable intention for to-morrow. The news was like a shower of iced water to that gentleman, and he felt that his own hope lay in securing the help of Su. Without the loss of a moment he hastily indited a letter begging his "benevolent elder brother to direct his jeweled chariot to his mean abode." This epistle he gave to a messenger with orders to hasten with the speed of a shooting star to Su's dwelling. As it happened Su eagerly welcomed the invitation. He had been much bored by Wang's company, and was secretly anxious to get news from Pai's palace. He therefore presented himself without delay at Chang's door, where that young gentleman greeted him with effusive pleasure. Bowing low before him Chang led him by the hand to his study.

"No doubt," he began as they seated themselves, "my elder brother has lately composed many literary gems in his hours of idleness?"

"Since my elder brother left me desolate I have not had an inclination to write."

"As for me," replied Chang, "I have been so occupied with my pupil that I have been unable to put pencil to paper. Yesterday, however, seeing near this a pear-tree covered with a rich profusion of blossom I thought of writing a song on it which might be set to music. But it is so long since I wrote anything that my intention died within me and I gave it up. Will you, sir, scatter some of the gold and jade which is at your command and give me a specimen song that I may take as a model?"

"I am quite ready to try my hand, but where is the pear-tree you talk of?"

"It is close to the study of Dreamy Carelessness," replied Chang. "If you will come with me you shall see it from the Pavilion of Flowers."

From The Spectator.  
A BENGALÉE PROFESSOR.

We cannot, of course, pretend to criticise or even to describe the lecture delivered by Professor Jagadis Chunder Bose at the Royal Institution on electric radiation. That would demand an extent of scientific knowledge which we do not possess, and would besides be a little foreign to the purposes of this journal. There is, however, to our thinking something of rare interest in the spectacle then presented, of a Bengalee of the purest descent possible to one who is not a Brahmin lecturing in London to an audience of appreciative European savants upon one of the most recondite branches of the most modern of the physical sciences. It suggests at least the possibility that we may one day see an invaluable addition to the great army of those who are trying by acute observation and patient experiment to wring from nature some of her most jealously guarded secrets. The Western world has in modern times seen no great Asiatic physicist, and, indeed, is more than half inclined to believe that no such phenomenon is possible. Though all the religions which have yet found acceptance on earth have been founded by Asiatics, and though the very words assure us that the first discoverers in chemistry and algebra must have belonged to the same continent, the European contempt for the Asiatic mind is ineradicable, and is, above all, vigorous in the direction of science. That people who are not white must on this side be not only hopelessly ignorant but naturally incompetent, is a conclusion from which the average European will not easily be driven, and for which he has this justification, that the subtlest Asiatic minds have almost always turned from the consideration of the phenomena of inanimate nature to the consideration of the human mind, its laws, its capacities, and its relations to those spiritual truths which have always seemed to Asiatics, and especially to Asiatics without the Mongolian limitations, to be far more important than any discoveries in the physical world.

That devotion to abstract thought is, however, no proof that the Asiatic power of observation is in any way deficient. The men who without optical instruments discovered in Chaldaea so many of the secrets of astronomy, who ascertained to an hour the true length of the year, who learned how to predict accurately the recurrence of eclipses, and who had perceived without understanding that there was some process of acceleration in the moon's revolutions round the earth, could not have been without the faculty of intense observation, which is the first condition of success in scientific inquiry. We know by evidence which is irresistible that Asiatics had acquired a knowledge of hydraulics which was probably equal to our own, that they had mastered most of the secrets of agriculture, so that our efforts to teach them improved methods generally end in a failure, and that they had at least become aware that there were absolute laws which governed the science of numbers, and that it was possible by combinations of what they called essences to obtain startling results, both in the warfare with disease and in the modification of inanimate things. For instance, they—that is, a few savants among them—must have become aware of the diffusibility of gold in an inferior metal, which is the key to all the stories of alchemical quackeries. That they suffered inquiry to be arrested in this as in all other departments of thought is doubtless true, but we have yet to be certain that the reason was not indifference to what they considered, after all, a secondary or even worthless subject of thought—as indeed it would be if by intense thinking we could solve any of the greater spiritual problems—and to the high barrier placed before them by the imperfection of their means of transmitting recondite knowledge. When the savants of the early generations had discovered anything of moment they could only send it down as a sort of legend handed from teacher to catechumen through a long enduring priesthood, probably losing something of accuracy, certainly

gaining very little in volume, from every repetition. Lord Rayleigh gained much, it may be, as he listened to Professor Bose, but he would be reluctant to trust the transmission of what he had gained to the memory of a hundred successive professors, almost necessarily selected without reference to their special ability or interest in the pursuit of knowledge.

The Asiatic has now the same means of accumulating and transmitting knowledge of physics as the European, and we have yet to be certified by experience that he will not care to make the necessary mental exertion. He may not, of course, for Professor Bose and his few colleagues, either in India or Japan, may be, for anything we can yet be sure of, mere accidents, as much "sports" among their countrymen as, for instance, was Michael Scott, the philosopher, chemist, and "wizard" of the Middle Ages among his countrymen north of the Tweed; but then he also may. If he does, he should bring to the task of mastering nature a great accession of force. The Asiatic is the subtlest reasoner on certain subjects in the world, the swiftest to follow a chain of abstract reasoning, the most certain to detect a lurking fallacy, and we at least cannot perceive why he who founded most philosophies and can understand them all should be held incapable of perceiving that to know the secrets of nature we must regard induction as the best instrument. Bacon's thought cannot be above the comprehension, at all events, of the race which thought out the philosophy of illusion, the notion that "all that we see or seem is a dream within a dream," two thousand years ago. He has just the burning imagination which could extort a truth out of a mass of apparently disconnected facts; a habit of meditation without allowing the mind to dissipate itself, such as has belonged to the greatest mathematicians and engineers; and a power of persistence—it is something a little different from patience—such as has hardly belonged to any European. We do not know Professor Bose, but if he is like

the thoughtful among his countrymen, as of course he must be, we venture to say that if he caught with his scientific imagination a glimpse of a wonder-working "ray" as yet unknown to man but always penetrating ether, and believed that experiment would reveal its properties and potentialities, he would go on experimenting ceaselessly through a long life, and, dying, hand on his task to some successor, be it son or be it disciple. That is how the early astronomers *must* have worked to make their discoveries, and it is essentially the Asiatic rather than the European method. Nothing would seem to him laborious in his inquiry, nothing insignificant, nothing painful, any more than it would seem to the true Sunyasee in the pursuit of *his* inquiry into the ultimate relation of his own spirit to that of the divine. Just think what kind of addition to the means of investigation would be made by the arrival within that sphere of inquiry of a thousand men with the Sunyasee mind, the mind which utterly controls the body and can meditate or inquire endlessly while life remains, never for a moment losing sight of the object, never for a moment letting it be obscured by any terrestrial temptation. And what are a thousand men in Asia? Four-fifths of our readers, perhaps five-fifths, will think it the foolishest of dreams, but we can see no reason whatever why the Asiatic mind, turning from its absorption in insoluble problems, or problems soluble only by revelation, should betake itself ardently, thirstily, hungrily, to the research into nature which can never end, yet is always yielding results, often evil as well as good, upon which yet deeper inquiries can be based. If that happened—and Professor Bose is at all events a living evidence that it *can* happen, that we are not imagining an impossibility—that would be the greatest addition ever made to the sum of the mental force of mankind in that one especial and of course most profitable direction.

There is another and much more concrete reason for wishing that this may occur, and that some millionaire with

an imagination may yet found a University of Physics in India, and it is this. Europe is suddenly developing the Asiatic mind in a dozen different countries without giving it anything to exert itself upon, the result being the unsettlement and almost savage discontent which puzzle European observers. It is supposed to be a mere hunger for salaries; but that, though true, is only part of the truth. The Asiatic who has been trained in the European method wants besides a living, something absorbing to think about. The Russian, the Frenchman, and the Englishman refuse him political freedom—there is a partial exception in Japan—they despise him with almost unintelligible injustice as engineer, architect, and agriculturist—Asiatics built Luxor, Jeypore, the Alhambra, and the Taj, opened the magnificent tanks of Ceylon and Tanjore, and founded the peerless system of agriculture which, probably in Babylon, certainly in China and Bengal, has fully fed a population, in places, of eight hundred to the square mile—they cannot give him full employment as soldier or administrator, and practically they leave him little except land-owning and some difficult branches of commercial enterprise. His intellect, unless he is a doctor, is left to consume itself, and the result is fret, leading to the curious phenomenon we see, that while the peasantry are content with the white man's rule, and the educated admire the white man, the latter chafe furiously under what we have ourselves heard them describe as the "sceptre of lead." There could be no vent for this useless energy, which, be it observed, Europe is incessantly developing and increasing, like the pursuit of scientific truth, which can never end. If all Asia devoted a centary to the study of butterflies' wings, there would remain powers of motion in the butterfly which were still unrecorded or misunderstood. Merely to know the geology of India as we know that of some corners of Scotland would be to double the wealth of a continent, and that is but a feeble illustration of what

a race of Indian physicists might learn. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff while governor of Madras pointed out this road in the most instructive speech he ever delivered, and though, being governor, the temptation he held out was naturally the multiplication of careers, the Asiatic in Persia, in India, in Indo-China, would feel at least equally drawn towards new careers for his mental energy. He has got it somewhere hidden, though Europe is so sceptical, or if not, how does it happen that Lord Kelvin and Lord Rayleigh would frankly admit that they had at least a hope of learning somewhat from Professor Bose?

---

From The Speaker.

#### THE ENIGMATIC CHILD.

Is childhood still a mystery to our literary artists? Professor Sully, in the *Fortnightly Review*, rebukes some of them—Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Kenneth Grahame—for grave misconception of the real child. Mr. Meynell has reinforced artistic vision with maternal solicitude, and still she is in gross error. Sentimental Tommy is a creation of "farcical exaggeration," and Mr. Kenneth Grahame's urchins in "The Golden Age" are mere projections of cynical humor. The professor's criticism may be a little overdone; but do any of us ever read a story about children without a sense of puzzled misgiving? They are so strange to us, these enigmatical little beings, even when they are nearest and dearest, and when their original sayings are reported to our friends with all the pride of parental authorship. It is a queer, shame-faced sentiment, that same pride, rejoicing furtively in the childish prodigy as a chip of the old block, and yet a little abashed by the independence of the chip, its freedom from grown-up convention, which compels the block to conform to the usages and prejudices of society. So we repeat the sayings of our youngsters, duplicates of ourselves

with unaccountable variations, and wonder vaguely whether at the same age we were equally original, piquant, and audacious. It is as if we cherished in our bosoms healthy young anarchists who set all codes of propriety at defiance, and present to our daily contemplation, and to the admiring envy of our neighbors, that astonishing mixture of earth and heaven, the mind of a child just opening on the world.

What is at the root of the embarrassed gratification with which we watch this marvel? There are parents, no doubt, who profess to have a complete understanding of their offspring. This is a form of vanity specially marked in some wise young mothers. Though desperately ill-acquainted with themselves, their own characters and temperaments, they will give you a thorough synopsis of the first-born, his nature and ultimate development, while he is sucking a thumb with sphinx-like absorption. Two young people who are still strangers to each other in spite of marriage, and whose intimacy in future years will be no closer than corresponding attitudes of uneasy vigilance, are nevertheless assured that the child, who is the mental outcome of this imperfect blend, with a dash of some unheard-of ancestor on either side, is as clear as dawn to them in all his characteristics and possibilities. You near of the divination of maternal love. Poets are fond of singing it amongst the beatitudes. If a mother does not understand her own child, what helpfulness is there in the process of the suns? So we disguise our ignorance in a formula of parental duty, watching the new phenomenon in the household meanwhile with a fine affectation of superior wisdom, and with secret gropings back into the darkened past of our own childhood. To very few of us is it given to remember exactly how we viewed life in the dusky interval between infantine petticoats and the beginning of the Marble Age. It is the time when the first ethical concept is evolved in the child's mind—the elementary sense of justice, often so poignant that the whole nature may be warped by some error of parental

discipline. Could we but return to that ante-chamber, peopling it again with our earliest fancies, tremors, and inarticulate convictions of right, how much easier it would be to enter into the thoughts of the small creatures whose dependence on our judgment so often makes their absolute detachment of soul a pathetic problem!

Hence, perhaps, the popularity of the child as a theme of imaginative art. To this we turn with a wistful hope that it may lift a corner of the veil and show us the inexplicable little one as he really is. Mere dissertations upon him, however subtle, are unsatisfying. We want a dramatic presentment of the child in his habit as he lives, an actual, tangible embodiment of this elusive compound of angelic simplicity and preternatural insight. Is there such a thing in literature? Shakespeare has done wonders with Prince Arthur. There is nothing more exquisite in art than the boy's appeal to Hubert:—

When your head did but ache,  
I knit my handkercher about your brows,  
(The best I had—a princess wrought it  
me),  
And I did never ask it you again;  
And with my hand at midnight held your  
head;  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;  
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies  
your grief?  
Or, What good love may I perform for  
you?  
Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes that never did, nor never  
shall,  
So much as frown on you?

This is not all artless tenderness, for the child has a cunning knowledge of the innate gentleness of the man. That is fitting enough; but when Arthur is made to use the image of the red-hot iron, drinking his tears, and quenching its "fiery indignation" in "mine innocence," the conceit passes out of the childlike sphere, and the wondrous spell of the passage loses its natural magic in a literary device. It is this defect of over-idealizing the child which makes



us pursue our quest of him in literature with yearning yet dubious steps. We may not agree with Professor Sully that Sentimental Tommy is "farcical;" but is he a boy, or a fantasy on the artistic temperament? Is Tom Sawyer anything more than a fascinating piece of extravagance? Charles Lamb's "dream children," to whom he expounded the virtues of their great-grandmother, while they listened with delicious commentary of gesture and eyebrows, are provokingly near us, though they explained to him that they were waiting to be born. But then Lamb did not trace their adventures through several hundred pages. If you sketch the child in fiction with a swift and delicate touch, there seems to be more of his essence than in elaborate portraiture; but it is not a point for dogma. Stevenson's infantine philosopher in "the pleasant land of counterpane" has his illuminating moments. His determination to be very haughty when he grows up;—

And bid the other girls and boys  
Not to meddle with my toys

—savors of the true individualism of childhood. Thackeray's Betsinda, in "The Rose and the Ring," when she cannot comprehend the absence of her nurse at dinner-time, and plaintively exclaims, "My Royal Highness is very hungry," seems to have a proper appreciation of her own neglected dignity. Arthur does not hesitate to remind Hubert that the "handkercher" was wrought by a princess, and that it is a prince who has been nursing a rather gloomy gaoler. These touches look like nature; and, after all, despite our suspicion of fantasia in the child life of literature, we may remember that had Scott's Marjorie been a creation of art instead of an actual prodigy, we should have shaken our heads over so audacious a figment.

Still, here is Professor Sully with the warning that in recent fiction childhood is not treated with "adequate respect;" and we begin to fear that joking about the infant enigma belongs to the intoler-

able license of maturity. Those stories we have all told with delight—the child who prayed for a bicycle, and finding a tricycle in the hall next morning, remarked, "Oh Lord, I did think *you* knew the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle!" the child who, when told by his mother that children who died were taken to heaven by angels, said, "Mummy, if an angel should call after I'm gone to bed, please say I'm out!"—those stories must not be retailed with mirth as if they were anecdotes of "grown-ups." The grave sagacity of the child is not meant for our sport. He is neither of this world nor of Elfland; and the strange twilight in which he dwells will one day be as incomprehensible to him as it is to us who also lived in it once upon a time.

---

From Chambers's Journal.  
VISITING-CARDS.

The visiting-card as we now know it is barely a century old. Like most other every-day articles of use and ornament, it is the result of a gradual process of evolution; and the form which the card now universally takes is by no means so attractive as those which it took in some of the earlier stages of its history. Of late years, indeed, there have been whispers of a new departure in cards. A revolt from the prevailing monotony in "paste-boards" has more than once been threatened; and the great army of those who suffer from collector-mania have been tantalized with the prospect of new worlds to conquer, in the shape of visiting-cards ornamented with elaborately engraved devices. The idea of those who mooted the change was to give to the visiting card a touch of individuality, so that each card, like a book-plate, should be a witness to its owner's individual taste and inclinations, and not a mere machine-made reproduction of a universal pattern. But nothing came of the proposal, and the present-day visiting-card still wears its uniform of plain black and white.

Had the proposed change been carried out, however, it would simply have been a revival of a fashion that prevailed little more than a hundred years ago.

Visiting-cards were a development from the old style of message and invitation cards. Throughout the greater part of the last century it was customary to write messages and invitations on the backs of used playing-cards. The particular card used was often chosen at random; but occasionally it was picked out with an eye to the delicate suggestiveness of some one suit. This sometimes gave the recipient an opportunity for alring his or her wit. A Rev. Mr. Lewis, who was minister of Margate from 1705 to 1746, once received an invitation to dinner, from the Duchess of Dorset, written on the back of a ten of hearts. The reverend gentleman promptly replied by the following epigram:—

Your compliments, lady, I pray you forbear,  
Our old English service is much more sincere:  
You sent me ten hearts—the tithe's only mine;  
So give me one heart, and turn t'other nine.

One of the many stories that are told to account for the name of "Curse of Scotland," which is given to the nine of diamonds, attributes its origin to the alleged action of the Duke of Cumberland in writing his cruel order, refusing all quarter to the defeated Highlanders after Culloden, on the back of this particular card. But as the term was in use before the battle of Culloden was fought, the explanation can hardly be true. Much earlier the Irish name for the six of hearts—the "Grace-card"—is said to have had its origin in a message written thereon. The tradition goes that a gentleman of Kilkenny, named Grace, was being strongly urged by a representative of Marshal Schomberg to declare for William of Orange and against James II. The marshal's emissary in his master's name made lavish promises of future

rewards; but the Irish gentleman wrote the following answer on the back of the six of hearts: "Tell your master I despise his offer, and that honor and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow."

An amusing example of the use of cards for messages can be seen in the fourth plate of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," which dates from 1745. In a corner of the picture are several playing-cards lying on the floor, with inscriptions which show a considerable devotion to phonetic principles of spelling on the part of the fashionable world of that day. One bears the following: "Count Basset begs to no how Lade Squander sleapt last nite." Another has: "Lady Squander's company is desir'd at Miss Hairbrane's Rout."

Sometimes the backs of playing-cards which were used for invitations and similar purposes were elaborately engraved. The writer of a once well-known book called the "Spiritual Quixote," published in 1772, speaks of the use of playing-cards for the sending of messages as a new fashion; but it is clear from what has been already stated that they had been in common use for at least thirty or forty years. A curious survival of this custom was observed in the island of Madeira some years ago. A visitor who was staying in that delightful isle about 1865 recorded that the invitations given by the Bishop for the Easter ceremonies in the cathedral of Funchal were written on the backs of playing-cards.

From the use of such cards simply for invitations and other messages it was an easy transition to their use for visiting purposes. At first the person who so used them simply wrote his name across the back of a card. Doctor Doran, in one of his pleasant books of gossip, declares that it was in Paris, about the year 1770, that the custom was introduced of visiting *en blanc*, as it was called, that is by leaving a card. Old-fashioned folks, he says, who loved to visit in state and display their costumes, called this fashion fantastic,

and strongly opposed it. But, of course, opposition of this kind was bound to fail. The ceremonial leaving of a card as equivalent to a visit may have begun in 1770, but the writing of the name on a card and leaving it when the person called upon was not at home was certainly practised somewhat earlier. In a French satire of 1741 on "*Les Inconvénients du Jour de l'An*," the writer says:—

Sur le dos d'une carte on fait la signature

Pour rendre sa visite au dos de la serrure.

The play upon the word *dos* is not very translatable, but the meaning of the couplet is plain—the person visited was not at home, but the card with the name written on the back paid the visit to the back of the lock, conveyed the visitor, as it were, to the other side of the locked door.

Writing the name on the back of a card was soon found to be too simple a matter, and it became the practice to write the name either on the backs of playing-cards, or on the face of cards adorned with engraved devices. Classical ruins and the like designs were highly fashionable. Cards so engraved appear to have been sold in packs, with assorted views; for two or more cards have been found bearing the same name written across them, but with quite different pictures as backgrounds. The practice of writing the name seems to have been soon superseded by engraving the name as well as the background. Much artistic ability and ingenuity were devoted to these cards. Sir Joshua Reynolds's card was engraved by Bartolozzi. The paste-board of Canova, the great sculptor, represented a block of marble, rough hewn from the quarry, and inscribed with the name in large Roman capitals, A. CANOVA. Miss Berry and her sister, who were well-known figures in London society from the days of Horace Walpole till near the middle of the present century, used a curiously adorned card. On it were shown two nymphs, classically draped, who pointed to a slab like a tomb-stone,

grown over with weeds, on which was engraved the name "Miss Berrys." One of the nymphs led a lamb by a ribbon, to typify, so it is said, Miss Agnes Berry.

Visiting-cards seem to have been known by various names. Madame D'Arblay in her "*Diary*" uses the term "name-card." They were often spoken of as "tickets." A lady writer of the last century enters in her journal, under date November 16, 1799, when at Hanover: "At six Madame de Busche called to take me to pay my visits. We only dropped tickets." In Scott's "*St. Ronan's Well*," Captain Jekyl of the Guards introduces himself by presenting his "ticket." The same novel, by the way, the action of which is supposed to pass at the time of the Peninsular War, contains a somewhat belated example of the use of the playing-card for "ticket" purposes. When Captain M'Turk, on hostile thoughts intent, asks Luckie Dods if Mr. Tyrrell is at home, that undaunted heroine retorts, "Wha may ye be that speers?" The captain, as the most polite reply to this question, says Scott, and as an indulgence at the same time of his own taciturn disposition, "presented to Luckie Dods the fifth part of an ordinary playing-card, much grimed with snuff, which bore on its blank side his name and quality." But Meg would have nothing to do with the "deil's play-books," as readers of the novel will remember, and Captain M'Turk had to state who he was and what he wanted.

A very large collection of eighteenth-century cards of various kinds—shop-bills, invitation, trade, funeral, and other cards and certificates—was formed by Miss Banks, the daughter of the famous naturalist, Sir Joseph Banks, who sailed round the world with Captain Cook. This collection is now in the Print Room of the British Museum; and the visitor who looks through this very interesting gathering of the flotsam and jetsam of the printing-press will find many valuable and curious specimens of the visiting-cards of long ago.







# THE SPRING NUMBER OF POET-LORE



APRIL  
MAY  
JUNE  
1897

Will contain in its section of

## POETRY AND FICTION:

**A LEAF FROM AN UNOPENED VOLUME;** or, *The Manuscript of an Unfortunate Author.* An Unpublished Romance. By *Charlotte Brontë.*

Among several early works recently come to light, which were written half in sport by the members of the precocious Brontë family group, this one, written by Charlotte Brontë at the age of seventeen, is one of the most mature. The description of the story, together with long citations from it made by Mr. W. G. Kingsland for *Poet-Lore*, constitute the newest and most interesting contribution to Brontë literature.

**THE SAVING OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.** A Dramatic Monologue. By *Hannah Parker Kimball.*

The conception of this work, by a young American writer, is original, and carried out with poetic force. It is based upon the idea that Judas may have had a mistaken yet not unnatural motive in his betrayal of Jesus, and that a spiritual awakening comes to his gross understanding of the Messiahship through his remorse and love.

**A LITTLE SENTIMENTAL VOYAGE.** A Short Story. By *Louis Delattre.*

Delattre's stories well represent the interest in simple peasant life and the delicate idealistic treatment of realistic incidents characteristic of the modern school of French short story writers, among which Delattre, though one of the youngest, is winning prominence.

**AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE.** By *Thomas Chatterton.*

This is a reprint of one of the famous Rowley Poems invented by the "Mavelous Boy," and supposed to be written by the good priest, Thomas Rowley, in 1464; yet it does not lack in pertinence to conditions as they are in 1897.

## APPRECIATIONS AND ESSAYS:

**POETIC PERSONIFICATIONS OF EVIL:** Caedmon, Marlowe, Milton, Goethe. By *Arthur F. Agard.*

This essay in comparative literature points out the early recognition by the Anglo-Saxon race of the force of evil as a factor in progress, and traces the significance of the different stages in the application of the idea appearing in the work of later writers.

**WOMAN AND FREEDOM** in Whitman. By *Helen Abbott Michael.*

This is a subject not before treated, which shows how far-reaching is Walt Whitman's general conception of Freedom for Women, and which indicates incidentally some of his shortcomings in express statement.

**SHAKESPEARE AS A CRITIC.** By *J. W. Bray.*

It is not easy to find a point regarding Shakespeare which overhanding has not made an old story; but the questions, "How far was Shakespeare conscious of his art?" and "Has he shown such consciousness in his work?" open a practically fresh field.

**BROWNING'S 'CHILDE ROLAND' and Tennyson's 'Vision of Sln.'** By *Dr. Theophilus Parsons Sawin.*

Finds a similar motive in these two poems.

## SCHOOL OF LITERATURE:

**THE DISLOYAL WIFE IN LITERATURE.** The Guenevere motive as treated by Tennyson, Richard Hovey, Amelie Rives Chanler, and Harriet Monroe. By *Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.*

**SHAKESPEARE STUDY PROGRAMME: 'As You Like It.'** By *Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.*

**A SYLLABUS FOR THE STUDY OF ÆSTHETICS.** By *Dr. Oscar L. Triggs.*

## REVIEWS:

**A GLANCE AT GERMAN LITERATURE DURING THE PAST YEAR**  
**IBSEN'S NEW PLAY:** 'John Gabriel Borkman.'

**NOVELS OF THE HOUR:** 'Sentimental Tommy' and 'The Child of the Jago.'

**KIPPLING'S 'SEVEN SEAS' AN ATAVISM.**

**LOWLY POETS:** Paul Dunbar, Johanna Ambrosius.

**BOOK AND MAGAZINE INKLINGS.**

## NOTES AND NEWS, ETC.

This Number (160 pages of text), 65 Cents.

Yearly Subscription, \$2.50.

Order of your Bookseller, New England News Company and its Branches, or

**POET-LORE COMPANY, 18 Pemberton Sq., Boston.**

# ROYAL



## BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

## Baker's Chocolate

made by

**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,**

ESTABLISHED IN 1760,

at **Dorchester, Mass.**

Has the well-known

**YELLOW  
LABEL**



on the front of every pack-  
age, and the trade-mark  
"La Belle Chocolatiere,"  
on the back.

None other Genuine.

**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,**

**DORCHESTER, MASS.**

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

# Columbia

Bicycles

ARE THE ONLY  
BICYCLES MADE  
OF 5% NICKEL  
STEEL TUBING.  
STRONGEST BICYCLES  
IN THE WORLD.  
POPE MFG. CO.  
HARTFORD, CONN.

SEND STAMP  
FOR CATALOGUE  
OR FREE FROM  
COLUMBIA DEALERS.



## VALUABLE PREMIUMS

and Liberal Cash Prizes are being offered by

FRANK **POPULAR**  
LESLIE'S **MONTHLY**

"Monarch  
of the  
Monthlies."

25 CENTS;  
\$3.00 a Year.

EACH MONTH.

*Everything New  
from Cover to Cover.*

This magazine contains more reading-matter and illustrations than any other magazine in America.

Send for copy **POPULAR MONTHLY** } **10 cts.**  
and all information . . . . .

Established  
1855.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
New York.

**EMERSON PIANOS** 116 Boylston Street, Boston.  
92 Fifth Avenue, New York.

